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JOAQUIN MILLER.

A year ago, the National Institute of Arts and Letters bestowed its gold medal for poetry upon Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, thereby expressing the opinion that he was the most distinguished of American poets then living. We might comment upon this grotesque award in considerable detail, instituting "odorous" comparisons with quite a number of men who have better realized the high seriousness of the poet's calling, and have avowed themselves servants of the muse to such effect that they have made no bid for vulgar applause, and have been content with the small but fit audience of "them that know." But at present we will do no more than call attention to the fact that the award in question overlooked the fairly obvious title of another son of Indiana, whose place in the poetical firmament was fixed long before Hoosier dialect "had the cry" in our literature, and whose light reached to the far places of the earth at a time when the number of American poets whose names had ever been heard of abroad might be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The famous American poet who died on the seventeenth of this month was born in Wabash District, Indiana, on the tenth of November, 1841. It is with something of a surprise that we realize that his years were no more than seventy-one, so long has he figured in our imagination as a venerable and almost legendary figure, and so far back seems the time when his "Songs of the Sierras" took the English-speaking world by storm. We have somehow acquired the habit of associating him with the other "good gray poet" whom he resembled in his amazing intellectual energy and his defiance of conventionality, and who was really more than a score of years his senior. He lived a hermit for so many years of his later life that his figure gradually assumed heroic proportions, and mention of his name recalled the distant past rather than the pulsating present of the world of men.

Cincinnatus Hiner (sometimes spelled Heine) Miller was the name with which his misguided parents did their best to handicap his career, and for which he substituted the more melodious and fitting "Joaquin" when he commenced poet in the sense of publication. When a boy of tender years, he was taken by his family to

Oregon, which was his home until 1870, except for the periods during which he became a wanderer and an adventurer. The settled years of his Oregon sojourn found him a student of Columbia College, Portland, from which he was graduated in 1858 as valedictorian, then a student and practitioner of law, then the editor of a Democratic paper suppressed for sedition during the Civil War, then a county judge for four years. His vagrant years found him playing many parts — California gold-miner, Indian sachem, and Spanish *vaquero*. It is reported, although we believe upon uncertain authority, that he was with Walker on his filibustering expedition into Nicaragua. At all events, he made Walker the subject of one of his most striking poems.

It was in 1870–71 that "Joaquin Miller" became a name to conjure with wherever the English tongue was spoken. That was the year of his apotheosis, when he visited England, was welcomed by Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and Rossetti as one of their company, and published in London his "Songs of the Sierras." No American poet (except possibly Longfellow) had ever enjoyed such a vogue in England, or received such tributes of admiration from those most competent to appraise a poet. The day of Whitman was to come later, and Poe had long been in his grave before his extraordinary European fame had come to fruition. But the recognition accorded Miller was immediate and unstinted, and no American has better savoured the sweets of appreciation in a foreign land, or been made more fully conscious of the verdict of his "contemporaneous posterity." When his volume was soon thereafter republished in America, his name was on every lip from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate, and his country rejoiced in the possession of a new and what seemed to be an authentic poet.

Miller was thus fairly plunged into the literary career and, making his home in Washington after his return to the United States, became a prolific writer. Some of the works of the following years were "Songs of the Sunlands" (1873), "Songs of the Desert" (1875), "Songs of Italy" (1878), and "Songs of the Mexican Seas" (1887). Besides these poems, there were two novels, "The Baroness of New York" (1877), and "The Danites in the Sierras" (1881). In its dramatized form, this novel became "The Danites," a very successful stage play. Thus for nearly a score of years, Miller was constantly before the public, was widely read, and known to all his countrymen. His translation to Cali-

fornia in 1887 marked the decline of his vogue, a decline that left him in the closing years of his life little more than a legendary figure belonging to the tradition of the past. For this there are two chief reasons. The first is that his work deteriorated in quality, owing to the journalistic facility with which most of it was produced. The proportion of dross to pure metal grew steadily larger, and his verse tended to become more and more diffuse and unrestrained. The other reason is that his burst into fame resulted largely from the English recognition accorded him in 1870–71. This was in part fictitious, resulting not so much from the feeling that he was a great poet on the absolute terms of poetry as from the fact that he lived up to the preconceived idea of what an American poet ought to be. As "The Nation" says: "It is the volcanic or eccentric elements in our literature that Europe prefers to accept as typically American—Poe and Whitman in the spirit of their works, Bret Harte in his picturesque material, and Joaquin Miller in his own picturesque personality of flowing mane, flannel shirt, and boots." In this country, we know enough to take such things at their worth, and to understand that they are anything but essential to the embodiment of the American spirit in literature. Raciness is a literary quality not to be undervalued, but it is not enough alone to save a man's work from oblivion.

When Miller went to California in 1887 to establish his permanent home, he built a sort of communal dwelling on the heights above Oakland, near San Francisco. There were several small houses erected on the hillside for himself, the members of his family, and the guests who sought out his retreat—for his hospitality was as generous and inclusive as that of Björnson at Aulestad. Here he made a garden spot on the ungrateful soil, and lived out his last years in patriarchal retirement. Such a home had been the dream of his earlier years, and he had foreshadowed it in these verses:

"I know a grassy slope above the sea,
The utmost limit of the Western land.

Here I shall sit in sunlit life's decline
Beneath my vine and sombre verdant tree.
Some tawny maids in other tongues than mine
Shall minister. Some memories shall be
Before me. I shall sit and I shall see
That last, vast day that dawn shall re-inspire,
The sun fall down upon the farther sea,
Fall wearied down to rest, and so retire,
A splendid sinking isle of far-off fading fire."

Mr. F. W. Halsey, who visited him shortly after the poet had retreated from his visit to

the Klondike in the year of the great stampede, thus describes the poet as he then appeared:

"Imagine a man of tall, athletic build, with fine, dome-shaped brow; long, tawny hair streaked with gray; a tangle of yellow moustache and beard; a strong, large, nose, sunburned like his cheeks, and clear, flashing gray-blue eyes that look out from under heavy, bushy eyebrows with the quickness and the eagerness of a boy's. He looked as one fancies Kit Carson looked when he guided Frémont the Pathfinder through the hostile Indian country out to the Western sea. Miller was dressed in a corduroy coat, trousers in boots, pongee shirt, with loose Japanese neck-scarf, and broad sombrero. The whole appearance of the man suggested his revolt against any restraint of costume, just as his talk suggests his warfare on conventionality and his delight in what is free and spontaneous in nature and life."

Miller was by no means idle during the quarter-century of his hermit life in California, and, although the poetic fire was somewhat slackened, the output of verse did not cease. Some of his noblest poems, such as the Tennyson tribute and the Columbus song, date from this period of his life. Several years ago, he built for himself a funeral cairn of black flint, with hollowed top filled with logs, to serve as his funeral pyre, and there it was that the other day his ashes were returned to the elements. His third wife and their daughter Juanita were with him to the end. Nothing in his life became him better than the leaving of it thus. Of his poetical gospel, the following quotations may give illustrative evidence: "Exalt your theme rather than ask your theme to exalt you. Braver and better to celebrate the lowly and forgiving grasses under foot than the stately cedars and sequoias overhead. They can speak for themselves. Be loyal to your craft, to your fellow scribes. I plead for something more than the individual hero. I plead for the entire republic. Not to have a glorious literature of our own is to be another Nineveh, Babylon, Turkey. Nothing ever has paid, nothing ever will pay a nation like poetry." Of Miller's outlook upon life, and his appraisal of its values, the following exquisite poem gives an idea:

"Ah, there be souls none understand,
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land,
Drive as they may by field or town,
Then we look wise at this, and frown,
And we cry 'Fool!' and cry 'Take hold
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold!'

"Unanchored ships, that blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown;
Poor drifting dreamers, sailing by,
That seem to only live to die.

"Call these not fools, the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth;
Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea blown,
That know not any harbor known;
And it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this."

A GREAT LADY AND A GREAT TRADITION.

Alice Spencer was the sixth daughter of Sir John Spencer, of Althorp Manor, Northamptonshire. In 1579 she married Ferdinando Stanley (1559[?]-1594), Baron Strange and fifth Earl of Derby. From 1589 to 1594 Baron Strange was patron of a company of actors known as "Lord Strange's company," and directed for a time by Edward Alleyn, son-in-law of Philip Henslowe, business manager. Shakespeare was probably a member of this company for some years before 1592. In 1589 Robert Greene dedicated his "Ciceronis Amor" to Baron Strange. Thomas Nash has a panegyric on him in "Piers Pennilesse," 1592. George Chapman, in the dedication of his "Shadow of the Night," 1594, speaks of Stanley as "that most ingenious Darbie." In 1595 the Earl of Derby is the Shepherd Amyntas in Spenser's "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," who, Spenser writes, could "pipe with passing skill." The only known poem by Ferdinando Stanley is a pastoral of no great merit contributed by Sir John Hawkins to Grose's "Antiquarian Repertory" and reprinted in Horace Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors."

Six years after the death of the Earl of Derby, in 1600, his widow became the third wife of Sir Thomas Egerton (1540[?]-1617), Baron Ellesmere and Viscount Brackley, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. But Lady Egerton retained her title, and was known as the Countess of Derby, until her death at Harefield Manor, January 26, 1636.

Sir Thomas Egerton was Bacon's immediate predecessor as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. Ben Jonson wrote three epigrams in his honor; and "the silver-tongued" Joshua Sylvester, a sonnet. In 1603, Samuel Daniel, then tutor to Lady Anne Clifford, wrote a poetical epistle to the Lord Chancellor, bewailing his "misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of men, I have been constrained to live with children." Beside Daniel's complaint should stand Lady Anne's appreciation of her tutor. A large family picture of the Cliffords preserves Daniel's portrait beside Lady Anne Clifford's, while a detail of the painting shows a shelf on which Daniel's poetical works stand next to Spenser's.

In 1596 Sir John Davies (1569-1626) dedicated to Sir Thomas Egerton his "Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dancing." A copy of the first edition of "Orchestra," with Davies's dedicatory sonnet to Lord Ellesmere, in manuscript, beautifully written, is preserved at Bridgewater House.

The foundations of the great library at Bridge-

water House were laid by Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. Some of the books belonged to his third wife, the Countess of Derby, who as Alice Spencer and Lady Strange was a popular patron of literature.

John Egerton (1579-1649), son of Baron Ellesmere, became the first Earl of Bridgewater. Before him, as President of Wales, was presented Milton's "Comus," at Ludlow Castle, Shropshire, on Michaelmas-Night, 1634. Bridgewater improved the great library left him by his father. His son, John Egerton (1622-1683), second Earl of Bridgewater, is described by Sir Henry Chauncy, historian of Hertfordshire, as "a learned man" who "delighted much in his library."

By her first husband, the Countess of Derby had three daughters. Lady Elizabeth Stanley married, in June, 1603, Henry Lord Hastings, who succeeded his grandfather as Earl of Huntingdon, in 1605. Lady Frances Stanley, about the time her mother married Sir Thomas Egerton, married his son, John Egerton, created Earl of Bridgewater, 27 May, 1617. Lady Anne Stanley married Grey Brydges, fifth Lord Chandos (1579[?]-1621).

It is Alice Spencer, Countess of Derby, of whom Thomas Warton wrote, "The peerage-book of this countess is the poetry of her time." Warton was thinking of the unique distinction of a lady to whom Spenser dedicated in her youth his "Teares of the Muses," before whom and her guest, the Queen of England, Shakespeare's "Othello" was first presented, and who lived to have Milton write "Arcades" for an Entertainment to her at her house at Harefield. Warton might well have written, "The peerage-book of this countess is the literature of her time," for Elizabethan literature is studded all over with dedications, epistles, and poetical laudations, which the Countess of Derby shared with her two husbands, with her three daughters, and with her grandchildren.

A series of most interesting dedications and literary memorabilia attest the interest in literature of the Countess of Derby and her daughters and grandchildren.

In 1591 Spenser dedicated to the Countess of Derby, then Lady Strange, the poem of his "Complaints," entitled "The Teares of the Muses." As is known, Spenser claimed kinship with the noble house of Spencer of Althorp. Whatever the relationship was, the dedication of this poem shows that it was acknowledged by the Althorp Spencers. Spenser writes to Lady Strange: "The causes for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinity, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge."

In 1595 the Countess of Derby, newly widowed, is Amaryllis mourning for her mate, the shepherd Amyntas, in Spenser's "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe." Spenser's tribute to the Countess of Derby, as Amaryllis, is:

"Shepherd, what ever thou hast heard to be
In this or that prayed diversly apart,
In her thou maist them all assembled see,
And seald up in the threasure of her hart."

(lines 568-571.)

Amyntas, the Earl of Derby, is finely lamented:

"He, whilst he lived, was the noblest swaine,
That ever piped in an oaten quill:
Both did he other which could pipe maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill."

(lines 440-443.)

In 1602 Queen Elizabeth paid a visit of four days, July 31-August 3, to the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, and the Countess of Derby, at their house, Harefield, in Middlesex, about four miles north of Uxbridge, on the border of Bucks. The cost of the visit was not far short of £2000—i.e., about £16,000, present value. Part of this money was paid to "Burbidges players for Othello," the first recorded performance of the tragedy. Whether Shakespeare accompanied "Burbidges players" to Harefield, or was one of them, is unknown; but it is certainly likely that he was present at the first presentation of his great play before the Queen. The Entertainment at Harefield on this occasion was written by John Lyly. A contemporary manuscript of this Entertainment was owned by Sir Roger Newdigate, in 1803, and was printed in Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth" from a copy made by the Rev. Ralph Churton.

In 1603 a set of verses on the death of Queen Elizabeth, entitled "The Death of Delia, with Teares of her Funeral," was inscribed to the Countess of Derby. In 1605 a "Countess of Derby" was one of the noble ladies who assisted Queen Anne in Ben Jonson's masque of "Blackness," "personated at the Court of Whitehall on Twelfth Night." It is not certain whether this was the Countess Dowager of Derby, or the wife of her late husband's brother and successor, William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby. In 1607 John Marston wrote "The Lord and Lady Huntingdon's Entertainment of their Noble Mother, Alice Countess Dowager of Darby, the night of her honor's arrival at the House of Ashby." This masque was prepared by Marston in honor of a visit which the Dowager Countess of Derby paid to her son-in-law and daughter Elizabeth, the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, at their seat at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in August, 1607.

In 1608 a Countess of Derby, the Countess Dowager, or her sister-in-law, assisted in Ben Jonson's masque of "Beauty," performed by Queen Anne and her ladies on the Sunday after Twelfth Night, January 10.

On February 2, 1609, Queen Anne presented her third masque at Whitehall, Ben Jonson's "Queens celebrated from the House of Fame." Among the noble ladies who assisted the Queen on this occasion were the Countess Dowager of Derby, and her daughter Elizabeth, Countess of Huntingdon.

In 1609, John Davies, of Hereford (1565[?]-1618), dedicated his "Holy Roode, or Christ's

Crosse," to the Countess of Derby and her three daughters, in this strain:

"To the Right Honorable well-accomplished Lady Alice, Countess of Derby, my good lady and mistress, and to her three right noble daughters by birth, nature, and education, the Lady Elizabeth Countess of Huntingdon, the Lady Frances Egerton, and the Lady Ann, wife to the truly noble Lord Gray Chandos that now is, be all comfort whensoever crost."

Davies's "The Scourge of Folly," about 1610 or 1611, also celebrates the Countess of Derby as his "good lady and mistress" in a series of verses in her honor. In 1616 Thomas Gainsford published a work called "The Historie of Trebizond." It is a collection of romantic stories divided into four books, which are separately dedicated to the Countess Dowager of Derby, the Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Frances Egerton, and Lady Anne Chandos.

One of the most famous portraits of Shakespeare is the Chandos portrait, now in the National Portrait Gallery of London. The artist is unknown; but the portrait has been attributed to Cornelius Janssen and to Paul Van Somer. The history of this celebrated portrait shows that it was preserved for posterity, partly at least, by the descendants of the Countess of Derby. The "Dictionary of National Biography" says of this portrait: "At length it reached the hands of James Brydges, third Duke of Chandos, through his father-in-law, John Nichols, and it subsequently passed through Chandos's daughter, to her husband, the Duke of Buckingham, at the sale of whose effects at Stowe, in 1848, it was purchased by the Earl of Ellesmere. The latter presented it to the nation."

On Shrove-Tuesday night, February 18, 1634, Thomas Carew, Henry Lawes, and Inigo Jones presented their masque, "*Cælum Britannicum*," in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, and King Charles I. was one of the actors. Among the "Young Lords and Noblemen's Sons" who took part were John Egerton, Viscount Brackley, his brother Mr. Thomas Egerton, and his cousin Lord Chandos.

The Earl of Bridgewater went into residence as President of Wales in 1633. The social functions attendant upon his inauguration extended to September, 1634, when on Michaelmas night Milton's masque of "*Comus*," which was written for this occasion, was presented before him. The masque was given in the great justice-chamber of Ludlow Castle, Shropshire, whose ruins still bear the name of *Comus Hall*. In the presentation, the part of the Lady was played by Lady Alice Egerton; the First Brother was John Egerton, Viscount Brackley; and the Second Brother, Mr. Thomas Egerton. "*Comus*" was written while Milton was living with his parents at Horton, Bucks, and Viscount Brackley was his father's landlord.

In the dedication of "*Comus*" to Viscount Brackley, Henry Lawes says that it is "not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my

several friends satisfaction." Milton's short masque, "*Arcades*," is described by him as "Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this Song," (the opening song). Fleay, in his "*Chronicle of the English Drama*," says that "*Arcades*" was acted not long after "*Comus*." The "noble persons of her family" were probably young Lord Chandos and his brother, then living with their grandmother at Harefield, and some of the Egertons, Viscount Brackley, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and the Ladies Alice and Mary Egerton.

In passing, it is interesting to note that Viscount Brackley, the "learned" Earl of Bridgewater, who "delighted much in his library," was so scandalized by Milton's "*Defensio Pro Populo*" that he wrote in his copy, "*Liber igne, auctor furcæ, dignissimi*."

Of the two young Egerton ladies who probably sang the songs of "*Arcades*," Lady Alice Egerton became the second wife of Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carberry. To her Jeremy Taylor dedicated part of his "*Life of Christ*." Her husband, the Earl of Carberry, appointed Samuel Butler, author of "*Hudibras*," to the stewardship of Ludlow Castle.

Richard Baxter, author of "*The Saints' Everlasting Rest*," was a native of Shropshire. In 1631, when Baxter was a lad of sixteen, he became attendant to Mr. Thomas Wickstead, Chaplain to the Council of Wales, and lived for a year and a half in Ludlow Castle. Lady Mary Egerton married Richard Herbert, second Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1600[?]-1655), who was the son of Edward Herbert, first Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1583-1648), poet and philosopher.

In 1653 Henry Lawes dedicated to these two granddaughters of the Countess of Derby his "*Ayres and Dialogues for One, Two, or Three Voyces*," saying they "excelled most ladies, especially in vocal music."

Curiously enough, the Countess of Derby's estate of Harefield Manor is indissolubly connected with English literature through the Newdigate Prize for poetry at Oxford University. Harefield had been in possession of the Newdigate family or their forebears from time immemorial, when, in 1585, John Newdigate exchanged the manor for that of Arbury, Warwick, with Sir Edmund Anderson, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. In 1601 Sir Edmund Anderson conveyed Harefield Manor to Sir Thomas Egerton, to his wife Alice, Countess of Derby, and to her daughters after her. On the death of Lord Keeper Egerton's widow, the Countess of Derby, in 1636, the manor was inherited by Lady Anne Chandos, then her only surviving daughter; after her death, in 1647, it descended to her son, Lord Chandos. At his death, in 1655, he left it to his wife, Jane, Lady Chandos, who married as her second husband Sir William Sedley, Bart.; and again, after his death, George Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire. About 1660 the mansion

was burned down, by the carelessness, it is said, of Sir Charles Sedley, wit and dramatist, who was on a visit to Harefield at the time, and who was indulging in the dangerous pastime of reading in bed.

By a deed dated 1673, Lady Jane Chandos vested all her estates in Mr. Pitt and his heirs; and in 1675, she being still alive, Mr. Pitt sold Harefield Manor to Sir Richard Newdigate, Baronet, of Arbury, Warwick. This sale conveyed the manor back to its original owners. The Newdigates still own both Harefield and Arbury.

Sir Roger Newdigate (1719-1806), was fifth Baronet of Harefield, Middlesex, and Arbury, Warwick. He was a member of University College, and M.P. for Oxford from 1750 to 1780, when he retired from public life. He never lost his interest in classical art, and in the last year of his life he gave Oxford two thousand pounds to remove the Arundel Collection into the Radcliffe Library, a plan which was carried out by Flaxman. Archdeacon Churton described Sir Roger Newdigate as "an intelligent and polished gentleman of the old school." He married twice: first, Sophia Conyers, and second, Hester Mundy; but had no children. A housekeeper in his family at Arbury Manor was related to Mary Ann Evans, who, as George Eliot, located "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" at Arbury Manor and made Sir Roger and Lady Newdigate the originals of Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel.

In 1805 Sir Roger Newdigate left a thousand pounds by will to Oxford University to establish an annual prize for poetry, the poem to be "of fifty lines and no more, in recommendation of the study of the ancient Greek and Roman remains of architecture, sculpture, and painting." The restriction of the subject to classical art, and of the length to fifty lines, did not last many years. The prize poems are now about three hundred lines long, and the subjects show a wide range of interest.

The Newdigate Prize has been awarded more than a hundred times, and many of the prizemen have achieved distinction in English letters. The first prize, in 1806, was won by John Wilson, "Christopher North," for a poem on "The Study of Greek and Roman Architecture." Another early Newdigate was Henry Hart Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, the historian of Latin Christianity, whose subject, in 1812, was the "Apollo Belvidere." Thomas Leigh Cloughton, long Bishop of St. Albans, read his poem, "Voyages of Discovery to the Polar Regions," before Sir John Franklin, when the navigator received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, in 1829.

In 1834 the prizeman was Joseph Arnould, later Judge of Bombay, who recited "The Hospice of St. Bernard" in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, then being installed as Chancellor of the University. Four lines of this poem are:

"When on that field where last the eagle soar'd,
War's mightier master wielded Britain's sword,
And the dark soul, a world could scarce subdue,
Bent to thy genius — Chief of Waterloo."

John Richard Croker says these verses alluding to the Chief of Waterloo "made the whole assembly start up," "and some people appeared to me to go out of their senses — literally to go mad."

Dean Stanley was the Newdigate in 1837, and offered a poem entitled "The Gypsies." In 1839 John Ruskin, prizeman, read "Salsette and Elephantia" before William Wordsworth, who was made an Oxford D.C.L. at that time. The prizeman of 1842, with a poem on "Charles XII," was John Campbell Shairp, whose haunting lyric "The Bush aboon Traquair" carries on the great tradition of Scottish ballad and song. Principal Shairp was born to poetry, *poeta nascitur*; for, with Walter Scott, he was a lineal descendant of Mary Scott, "the Flower of Yarrow," whose romantic wooing he mentions in the poem "Three Friends in Yarrow." Matthew Arnold took the Newdigate in 1843, for his "Cromwell," and just ten years later (1853) Sir Edwin Arnold's "Feast of Belshazzar" won the prize. John Addington Symonds's "Escorial" was the Newdigate of 1860. Nor have all the Newdigates been men. Rev. W. Tuckwell, in his "Reminiscences of Oxford," relates how the Newdigate was once carried off by a woman. She was Miss Rachel Burton, nicknamed "Jack," daughter of a Canon of Christchurch. Although she lived long before the foundation of women's colleges at Oxford, "Jack's" poem, sent in just for fun, to see what would happen, was awarded the prize, until the judges discovered her sex!

Two of the Newdigates have filled the chair of poetry at Oxford — Matthew Arnold and John Campbell Shairp.

What Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for poetry has accomplished was summed up several years ago by Ogier Rysden in "A Century of Newdigates." Of ninety-nine prizemen, twenty-seven had won a place in the "Dictionary of National Biography"; among them there had been one ambassador, one Lord Chancellor (Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne), three bishops, three deans, one judge, one physician (Francis Hawkins, who wrote a poem on the "Pantheon" and a well-known treatise on rheumatism), one artist, and one editor of "The Times." The Newdigates have naturally made their best success in literature, and have produced no less than 918 volumes: 163 volumes of poetry, excluding the prize poems; 158 collections of sermons; 98 volumes of essays; 74 works on divinity; 48 volumes of lectures; 28 biographies; 55 editions of standard authors; 28 works on political economy, 33 on law, 21 novels, and 12 plays. This is a large and notable output, and makes it of peculiar interest to education in the United States that through the Rhodes Foundation the Newdigate Prize last year crossed the Atlantic Ocean. The prize of 1912 was won by William Chase Greene, of Balliol College, Rhodes scholar from Massachusetts, for a poem on "King Richard the First before Jerusalem." Mr. Greene was salutatorian and class odist at Harvard in 1911. He is a son of Professor Herbert E. Greene, of Johns Hopkins University. MARY AUGUSTA SCOTT.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE PRESENT POPULARITY OF THE CLASSICS has lately been made the subject of some careful investigation. Certain public libraries have placed the great works of ancient and modern literature in a particularly exposed situation and watched the result. At Springfield, Mass., this plan produced a marked increase in an already considerable circulation of the classic authors. The monthly "Bulletin" of the library records in its February issue that "from the first the collection was a pronounced success. It seemed to attract all classes of readers. Young and old, rich and poor, men and women, could be seen standing in front of the case and examining the volumes. In a month so many of the books were in circulation that it was found necessary to replenish the supply." This experiment was made in the summer, the library's dull season, but when autumn came and the books were returned to their places, only two, Trevelyan's "Macaulay" and Leigh Hunt's "Essays" had found no readers. Of those drawn, the "Odyssey" went out eight times, the "Divine Comedy" seven, Epictetus six, Rousseau's "Emile" six, the "Rubaiyat" six, Molière's plays six, Plato's "Republic" four, Goethe's "Faust" four, Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" four, More's "Utopia" six, Pliny's letters three, "Sartor Resartus" eight, Amiel's "Journal" six, and the leading English essayists, excepting Leigh Hunt, were in frequent demand. Moreover, it was found by a study of charging slips that a very creditable all-the-year-round circulation was enjoyed by the principal classics, "Faust" being drawn twenty-six times in the twelve months from May, 1911, to May, 1912, the "Odyssey" twenty-two times, Plutarch's "Lives" twenty-one, the "Divine Comedy" twenty, and other works in a diminishing scale, down to Aristotle's "Ethics," which went out twice. Furthermore, it should be remembered that many well-regulated families have their own sets of the great authors and resort to the library only for current fiction or other books of the day; so that probably not even the foregoing very encouraging record is at all adequate as an indication of the extent to which the Springfield people read the classics. In general, it seems to be found that wherever the public is given a fair chance to choose its reading, the best books of all time are the ones to be most constantly drawn, year in and year out. It is safe to say that even in Newark, N. J., this will be found to be the case, in spite of the Newark librarian's recent intimation of a doubt in the matter.

A QUESTION OF USAGE, long open to debate, and destined no doubt long to continue so, is again inviting discussion. In a recent newspaper communication Mr. John D. Long ventured to say a good word for the split infinitive as an old and legitimate locution, thereby showing an attitude toward it quite different from that of the woman who, on being

asked whether her husband ever did any work about the house, replied with a significant shrug of the shoulders: "Oh, yes, he splits a few infinitives every day." In that entertaining manual entitled "The King's English" occurs the following: "The 'split' infinitive has taken such hold upon the consciences of journalists that, instead of warning the novice against splitting his infinitives, we must warn him against the curious superstition that the splitting or not splitting makes the difference between a good and a bad writer. . . . Even that mysterious quality, 'distinction' of style, may in modest measure be attained by a splitter of infinitives." The same authority calls the split infinitive "one among several hundred ugly things," and cautions the novice against allowing it to occupy his mind exclusively. In our language, which is in the main an uninflected language, the sign of the infinitive is a separate word, just as the sign of the future indicative is a separate word; but why it should be necessary to keep the two parts in close contact in one case, and permissible to sunder them in the other, has never been satisfactorily explained. Ordinarily the modifying adverb seems to fall naturally and gracefully into place either before or after the full infinitive form; but occasionally, especially in poetry, good reasons for splitting present themselves. A supposed instance of a permissible split is sometimes cited in such sentences as, "He wished to more than square the account," which, however, contains an ellipsis rather than a split infinitive. In full the sentence would be, "He wished to do more than square the account," the second infinitive having its "to" understood. To split or not to split, that is the question frequently confronting a writer, and ordinarily to be answered in the negative — if only to avoid needless offense to a critical reader's taste. It would be interesting to know how the Bible and Shakespeare stand in this matter. Have they any split infinitives? If the research necessary for an authoritative answer has never been made, here is a tidy bit of work cut out for someone in quest of a subject for a Ph.D. thesis.

THE SANITY OF GENIUS is vigorously asserted by Dr. Arthur C. Jacobson in "The Medical Record." He admits the liability to disorder which goes with the delicate organization and high-strung nervous system of the man of genius. In his own words, "genius makes for insanity, but neither insanity nor the insane temperament makes for genius. The genius is usually, if not always, of insane temperament, but his best creative work reflects the man at his best, that is to say, sanest. To the degree that clinical insanity enters in, to that degree is his work vitiated. Insanity is the Nemesis of the delicately balanced genius, never his good angel. He does his work not because of, but in spite of, the Damoclean sword." Dr. Jacobson asks why "a great literature is not emanating from the asylums of the land if it be true that the relation of genius and insanity is so

close"; and the question is pertinent, despite the logical fallacy it implies. Not "all insane men are men of genius," but "all men of genius are insane" is the assertion he is refuting. However, let us hear his answer to his own question. "The answer is that the great genius must be eminently sane. He must possess in the highest possible degree the critical faculty directed toward his own literary productions. No great literary work can possibly be produced if this endowment be lacking." But it is exactly this perfect marriage of the creative and the critical faculties that is seldom found in literature; the one tends to stifle the other, though, as the single instance of Goethe would sufficiently prove, it does not always succeed. Dr. Jacobson scores a point when he declares that "the mind that produced Hamlet was super-sane." Great poets and painters and musicians, and other men of genius, are such, according to this student of the problem, not because of but in spite of their liability to psychopathological states unknown to common mortals.

OUR DAILY DEBT TO SHAKESPEARE, as shown by the large number of colloquial phrases with which he has supplied us, is one that we bear lightly enough because we seldom pause to consider its magnitude. Mr. Frank J. Wiltach, in the interest of Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe in their Shakespeare repertory, calls attention to a considerable number of these everyday Shakespearean words and phrases which are commonly used without a thought of their origin. His list, which we have not verified, includes the following: Bag and baggage, dead as a door nail, proud of one's humility, hit or miss, love is blind, selling for a song, wide world, cut capers, fast and loose, unconsidered trifles, westward ho, familiarity breeds contempt, patching up excuses, misery makes strange bedfellows, to boot, short and long of it, dancing attendance, getting even (in revenge), birds of a feather, that's flat, rag-tag, Greek to me, send one packing, as the day is long, packing a jury, mother wit, kill with kindness, mum, ill wind that blows no good, wild-goose chase, scarecrow, luggage, row of pins, give and take, sold, your cake is dough. To almost any reader of this list there will at once occur numerous expressions that claim a place beside those enumerated, as, for instance, "to the manner born," "more honored in the breach than the observance," "a sea of troubles," "that way madness lies," "the hazard of the die," and so on without end. Perhaps it would be shorter to tell what our daily speech does not owe to Shakespeare than what it does.

A LITERARY DUMPING-GROUND is made of many a long-suffering library by some of its would-be benefactors who use it as a convenient depository for such printed rubbish as they know not how otherwise to dispose of. A well-intentioned lady of our acquaintance long had the habit of visiting the local library about once a month with a bulky parcel of odds and ends in pamphlet or leaflet form, rarely

or never in book form, which she deposited on the delivery desk with the air of a munificent benefactor, and then departed. Luckily she never made inquiry as to the ultimate destination of her gifts, never ransacked the card-catalogue to make sure that every item had been properly entered and classified, and never seemed to expect a formal expression of thanks for her heterogeneous contributions. Undoubtedly she assumed that in an institution dedicated to the preservation and circulation of literature her offerings had been welcomed with joy by the head librarian, the cataloguer, the classifier, the reference librarian, the children's librarian, the director of the circulating department, and all others whose chief delight it must be to watch the growth of the collection in their joint charge. At any rate it costs nothing, she may have thought, for a library to extend its hospitality, and its shelf-room, to any waifs and strays of print that chance to knock at its doors. But it does cost something, as Miss Corinne Bacon took occasion to point out last summer at Asbury Park, in an address now printed in "Public Libraries." Cataloguing costs, she continued, and dusting costs, and shelf-room costs. In a word, as she aptly expressed it, a live library is not a storage reservoir. Beware, then, of indiscriminate gifts! Be on guard against the person who seems disposed to make of your public library a public dumping-ground.

A LACK IN ENGLISH LITERARY CRITICISM is detected by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, a well-known writer on France and things French, in its reticence concerning the identity of the critic. They order this matter better in France, he thinks, where the signed review is the rule, as contrasted with the unsigned review common in England and America. Feeling no personal responsibility and pride, the English and the American reviewer, if Mr. Bodley is in the right, do not put forth their best efforts, and we have not, as they have in France, a "school of criticism" or any literary critic comparable with the famous author of those "Causeries" which once made the second day of the week eventful to the reading world across the Channel. To himself, then, according to Mr. Bodley, the critic owes it to let his light shine undimmed by any modest anonymity. Still more, however, does he owe it to the author whom he criticizes, and to the interests of careful scholarship, to come out from behind the shelter of anonymity. In creations of the imagination and in the play of fancy let the writer keep his authorship as secret as he chooses; but not to put one's name to a "hurticle," as Thackeray called it, may often savor of unfairness or cowardly spite or other unlovely quality.

LITERATURE AS A LIVING ART formed a part of the subject chosen by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch for his opening lecture as King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. He uttered a caution "against despising any form of art which is alive and pliant in the hands of man. As for my part," he continued, "I believe, bearing in mind Mr.

Barrie's 'Peter Pan' and the old bottles he renovated to hold that joyous wine, that even musical comedy, in the hands of a master, might become a thing of beauty. Of the novel, at any rate, whether we like it or not, we have to admit that it does hold a commanding position in the literature of our times, and to consider how far Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie was right the other day when he claimed on the first page of his brilliant study of Thomas Hardy that the right to such a position is not to be disputed; for here, as elsewhere, the right to such a position is no more than the power to maintain it. You may agree with this or you may not, you may or may not deplore the forms that literature is choosing; but there is no gainsaying that it is still very much alive. And I would say to you, 'Believe and be glad that literature is an art, and English a living tongue.'"

LIBERAL LIBRARY RULES are better than harshly restrictive ones, and once in a while no rules at all seem better than even the most liberal ones. The Trinity Parish Library in Boston is an instance of a library that does good work with an irreducible minimum of red tape. It is in the parish house in Clarendon Street, and numbers about five thousand volumes, the nucleus of the collection being the generous gift of books bestowed by Phillips Brooks from his own fine library when he was rector of Trinity thirty years ago. These well-selected volumes and others added later comprise one of the best collections of books in the departments of religion, biography, travel, essays, and social problems. Any person of respectable appearance may enter the library and borrow for home use any book desired, with no questions asked as to the borrower's antecedents, with no requirement of references or of guaranty for the return of the book. Last year the circulation numbered about three thousand volumes, and the borrowers included the policeman of the neighborhood and learned doctors of divinity from far and near. Miss Snelling, the librarian, says that she has never known the privileges of the library to be abused, though hundreds of those who enjoy those privileges are utter strangers to her.

LINCOLN'S LIKING FOR APT QUOTATIONS, especially from the poets, was such as might have been expected in one who displayed no mean ability in the framing of phrases and sentences so aptly expressive as to become themselves household words after his death. Mr. John Langdon Kaine's Lincoln reminiscences in the February "Century" contain mention of Lincoln's appreciation of that true wit which, according to Pope, "is Nature to advantage dressed, what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." "He insisted," writes Mr. Kaine in recalling a boyhood interview with the President when the latter chanced to be in an especially talkative mood, "on the importance of learning, in early life, sentiments expressed in verse. In effect he said that as a man grows older, lines which he learned because of their

pleasant sound come to have a meaning; just as old saws show their truth in later life. 'It is a pleasure,' he said, 'to be able to quote lines to fit any occasion,' and he noted that the Bible is the richest source of pertinent quotations." This recalls the remark made by George Eliot in one of her published letters and quoted the other day by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his inaugural lecture as King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. Speaking of Wordsworth's poetry the author of "Theophrastus Such" said: "I never before met with so many of my own feelings expressed just as I should like them."

THE GROWTH OF THE PERIODICAL PRESS seems to keep pace with the growth of the world's population. In the United States and Canada, for example, there was in 1912 a birth-rate of newspapers and periodicals amounting to more than five each week day; that is, 1686 new publications started into being. But the death-rate was so nearly equal to the birth-rate that the net increase for the year was only thirty-six, about equally divided between this country and our northern neighbor, and chiefly confined to the field of daily journalism. So largely are we Americans a nation of readers that the printing and publishing industry is exceeded, in number of employees and value of product, by only four other industries—or so the statisticians assure us. In the last ten years the value of the annual output of printed matter in America has increased by more than eighty-six per cent. Nearly every trade and industry has its one or more periodicals, and the whole mass of periodical publications is divided into 208 classes, with the weekly issues of all sorts in a large majority. A study of the "American Newspaper Annual and Directory" impresses one with the magnitude of the industry that supplies to thousands of energetic Americans practically all the reading matter they ever avail themselves of.

THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING AT HARVARD was made February 12, when a spadeful of earth was turned up by each member of a selected company assembled within the enclosure now erected around the site of the prospective structure. In the absence of Mrs. George D. Widener, giver of the two million dollars that the Widener Memorial Library is expected to cost, her son, Mr. George D. Widener, Jr., was the first to handle the spade, which then passed successively to President Lowell, Dean Briggs, Professor Kittredge, Librarian Lane, Assistant Librarian Potter, Mr. Horace Trumbauer, architect, Professor Haskins, of the library committee, and the Hon. Robert Bacon, of the Harvard corporation. And now that this spectacular spade-play is over, the real digging of the building's foundations is in active progress, with hope on the part of the university authorities that the dedication of the long-desired library building may form a conspicuous part of next year's commencement exercises.

The New Books.

WISDOM AND UNWISDOM ABOUT WOMAN.*

The world we live in is made up of men, women, and children. This fact, which works out for most of us into an infinite enrichment of actual life in interests, duties, and emotions, seems a source of wrath and stumbling to many of those who sit in their studies writing about the past and future of the race with especial reference to the part woman plays in the evolutionary process. It is curious to note how often the very writers who protest against sex-bias in the one direction will, themselves, display it conspicuously in the other. Obviously, if we are to treat at all of the sex-interest in the plot of the race drama, it should be done with all the temperance, detachment, dignity, and ability at our command; obviously, also, few of these books will be epoch-making, since the influence of such intellectual performances upon evolution is slight. At their best these will interpret to some struggling human beings the tangles in which they find themselves, and furnish a clue by which they may follow to the real freedom found only in self-mastery; at their worst they will increase sex-antagonism and concentrate the attention of the individual upon personal grievances—an attitude which promptly paralyzes will and achievement and dries up the springs of character.

The season's books on the woman-question offer very perfect examples of wise and foolish literature in their field. "The Advance of Woman" by Mrs. Jane Johnston Christie is almost a museum-specimen of partisanship. The author seems to believe with an absolute fury of conviction that Woman is innately, divinely, and unalterably a superior being who has been maliciously clubbed into silence, if not insensibility, by Man. Man is accordingly belabored with sweeping ferocity. The author argues from such facts of animal life as the female crustacean who "carries a little husband in each pocket," and such pre-historic and chiefly inferential conditions as the matriarchate, that the female is biologically the superior of the male;

* THE ADVANCE OF WOMAN. By Jane Johnston Christie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

WOMAN ADRIFT. A Statement of the Case against Suffrage. By Harold Owen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. By Ellen Key. Translated from the Swedish by Mamah Bouton Borthwick. With Introduction by Havelock Ellis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

that she was originally endowed with the right of selection, indefatigable industry, and a pacific temperament; that these endowments were enough to lead the race to its highest possible evolution, had the female continuously dominated it; that, as domination was forcibly taken from her when, by the result of her own choice in selection, the male became the more powerful physically, so the race has been evolving in the wrong direction ever since—a mistake only to be rectified when Man gives over "the futile efforts he has made for thousands of years to fill a place he was not equipped for," and Nature's Elect, the Woman, is absolute ruler of the earth. It must be very comforting to hold with such fervor these gratifying convictions about one's sex, but surely the human predicament is not so simple as this. Man may not have done his utmost in climbing up the ages, but a programme which involves his practical enslavement at the moment when woman is rejoicing in great new freedoms seems subtly lacking in logic as well as in humanity, and hardly commends itself to sane judgment.

On the other side, "Woman Adrift: A Statement of the Case against Suffragism," by Mr. Harold Owen, is admirably adapted to promote the movement it is designed to discourage. The present reviewer confesses to grave doubts about the immediate expediency of votes for women,—at least in this country, where, though certain industrial injustices remain, nevertheless women's grievances as a sex have been replaced by privileges which leave the American woman the freest creature on the earth to-day. If it takes three generations to make a gentleman, that complicated product a conscientious voter can hardly be created in less; and while unlimited woman-suffrage is almost certainly at hand in the United States, it is almost equally certain that only a hundred years hence shall we know if it is for our real betterment. But Mr. Owen's arguments against an extension of the suffrage are so minute, masculine, uninspired, and British, that they are calculated to create a violent reaction in any mind, even that of a convinced anti-suffragist! Excellent as are many of his beliefs, it must be said that Mr. Owen nags. He is also entirely incapable of refraining from small flings and cheap gibes at feminine foibles which have nothing to do with the issue. He weakens his argument, where candor would have strengthened it, by refusing to admit frankly that women in Great Britain still have actual wrongs and disabilities which make their case quite different from that of women in

America. The book attempts to settle by the logic of the debating society a question which ought to be discussed in a more generous spirit. Mr. Owen does not ignore the fact that duality of function and race-betterment are the grounds upon which the matter should be decided, but he is too much preoccupied with more trivial arguments to give these their appropriate position. Now and again he has a flicker of insight, as where he intimates that if the female sex is to be born again, it must, nevertheless, "be re-born in its own image," or where he points out that political freedom is likely to be purchased by industrial servitude. But as a whole the book is too self-satisfied, not to say beefy, and its logic too mechanical, to produce an effect. The final argument in matters political, as in matters religious, is emotion, but this fundamental truth of human nature is seldom recognized by those who debate according to the rules.

Whether you always agree with Ellen Key or not, her books are examples of close thinking and clear expression. As intellectual performances, they have dignity and texture. "The Woman Movement," her latest work, is an acute study of the effect of the general emancipation of woman, so far as it has now progressed, upon the outer world; upon feminine psychology; upon the status of daughters, spinsters, and men and women at large; and, finally, upon marriage and motherhood. Ardent believer in the woman-movement as she is, she realizes that it has reached the stage where intelligent criticism should replace blind enthusiasm. She sees how many women have lost their heads and misplaced their hearts; and, without abating a jot of her faith in the virtue and necessity of freedom, she points out, with a penetration never equalled by any opponent of feminine emancipation, the hundred pitfalls lying in wait for the modern woman. Perhaps the most startling of her admissions is that regarding the effect of public life on the woman. The woman-movement of fifty years ago was based upon belief in the eternal stability of womanliness. It was precisely that quality which was to benefit the world when it was given freedom of operation outside the home. Already it has been demonstrated, Ellen Key admits, that womanliness is subject to change by changed vocations and surroundings. She goes so far as to state explicitly that if women are to improve political conditions at all, it would be well to give them full civic rights quickly, before they have lost their intuitive and instinctive power through "masculinization." This is an admission that almost goes

beyond the obstreperous Mr. Harold Owen, yet it comes from the lips of a friend. Equally acute is her analysis and denunciation of what she terms "the amaternal idea," as it is advanced by Mrs. Gilman and Rosa Mayreder. Regarding motherliness as the distinguishing characteristic of womanliness, and recognizing that from the point of view of the race the division of labor between the sexes must on the whole remain the same as that which has hitherto existed "if the higher development of mankind is to continue in uninterrupted advance to more perfect forms," she gives short shrift to those who maintain that equal rights for the sexes mean equal functions or who insist that woman can do her own work in the world and man's as well. Granting to these theorists all freedom to live their own lives according to their bent, she denounces the attempt "so to falsify life-values in their own favor" as to set the cerebral type above the maternal, or the office above the home, as offering a more "human" variety of work. It is greatly to be desired that all ultra-feminist thinkers and speakers (the terms are not synonymous) should spend a few quiet hours over these significant pages. Carefully digested, they offer an antidote to the "unleavened bread" of much of the crude and superficial thought so undeservedly popular to-day.

Most young women depend upon instinct for the solution of their problems, and in the main find it a safer guide than any printed word. But those who really desire, first, to think their way through the abstract problem of feminine destiny, and, second, to supplement that thinking with the best practical advice about what to do under the circumstances, should read "The Woman Movement," and follow it up with "The Business of Being a Woman." Miss Tarbell's little volume contains more available wisdom to the page than anything yet written on the subject in this country. Few latter-day authors recognize that, within the limits of decent existence, the breadth or narrowness of a life depend far more on the personal outlook than upon the external circumstances. Miss Tarbell recalls this forgotten truth, and lays needed emphasis upon the fact that "the highest civilization is that in which the largest number sense and are so placed as to realize the dignity and beauty of the common experiences and obligations." Her book is rational, broad-minded, and helpful; it diffuses common-sense, but common-sense irradiated with the ideal. What happier combination can there be?

CORNELIA A. P. COMER.

GREEK LITERATURE AND THE DOOR
OF TO-MORROW.*

To-day there is a constant cry for the man, the thought, the word, that shall help us open the door of to-morrow. A few happy spirits, it is true, are content to feast their visions on the occasional glorious halting places in man's march across the plains and up the slopes of the ages, and, in their love for what has been, to be careless of what is to be. For them, Greek literature and sculpture and architecture will always offer deep joys complete within themselves, even as the canvases of Andrea del Sarto or the cathedrals of nameless Gothic builders will abide as pleasures that scorn the test of practical service. But, on the whole, the literature and art of the past, not less than the science of the present, will survive and flourish only as they have a meaning before the problems of the future. Moreover, I believe that the deeper one has delved into the past, and particularly the past as represented by Greece and Rome, the keener will be his interest in the coming lot of his fellow-men:

"Guests of the ages, at To-morrow's door
Why shrink we? The long track behind us lies,
The lamps gleam and the music throbs before,
Bidding us enter: and I count him wise,
Who loves so well Man's noble memories
He needs must love Man's nobler hopes yet more."

In any event, the ultimate unescapable trial must come before this tribunal, and to its bar Mr. Livingstone is willing to bring the Greek genius.

"There are few more important problems than this—is humanism right? Is it right to take a purely human attitude towards life, to assume that man is the measure of all things, and to believe that, even though the unseen may be there, still we can know our duty and live our life without reference to it? That is perhaps the biggest question of the present day, the one most worth settling, the one which every one has to settle for himself.

"If our minds are made up and we are humanists, then we are not likely to find better models than the Greeks. Of unaided human nature it is not too much to say that they made the best that can be made; in regard to the chief things of life, modern humanists are not likely to come to conclusions different from or better than those of a people whose acuteness of insight amounts almost to inspiration; and they can hardly find better or wiser teachers than its great men.

"But if we approach the subjects as inquirers, anxious to learn to what humanism leads and whether it will work, still we must turn to Athens. There alone the experiment of humanism has been tried; the only evidence about it we can get is the evidence from Greek society. There we can see how it succeeds; whether it tends to strength, to racial survival; whether it leads to justice, righteousness, mercy, true happiness; or whether the sins, whose long catalogue closes the first chapter of

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, are the logical and finally inevitable issue of life for those peoples who worship and serve the creature more than the Creator."

This is the central and significant feature of our Oxford Hellenist's contribution; and he discusses only the essential elements of the Greek genius that he believes to have a meaning for us to-day. There are scores of able books and suggestive papers on the value of things Greek in the world of thought: the general theme, like some great jewel, has so many angles that it is impossible for any one worker to gather up all the various rays that emanate therefrom. The late Professor Adam, for instance, wrote enthusiastically and convincingly on "The Vitality of Platonism"; Mr. Livingstone practically sweeps Plato aside, on the ground that he is exceptional rather than characteristic. Professor Mahaffy in his felicitous Lowell lectures, published under the title, "What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?" devotes several chapters to science, mathematics, politics, medicine, and so forth; Mr. Livingstone deliberately discards them all. There are hundreds of laudatory volumes on Greek sculpture and architecture; Mr. Livingstone treats only of literature. A few years ago Professor Kelsey of Michigan collected a rather remarkable series of papers on the value of Latin and Greek in formal education, including Professor Shorey's comprehensive brief, "The Case for the Classics"; Mr. Livingstone avoids even touching upon the question of Greek in the schools. These few examples, chosen from so many that present themselves, may emphasize not only our author's particular service, but also the diversity and inexhaustibility of this Grecian treasure. Naturally, Mr. Livingstone cannot exclude the rays from other angles; but he does adhere admirably to his plan of presenting what he considers the fundamental contributions of Hellenism: the Greeks' sense of beauty, their Freedom, their Directness, their Humanism, their Manysidedness, and their Sanity.

But even after the angles are chosen, there is need for much defining and limiting, both geographical and chronological. What about Sparta, with its extreme example of rugged and ascetic militarism? What about Lucian, who reads like a nineteenth century essayist? Or Theocritus, the fountain head of idyllic poetry? However, these difficulties do not escape Mr. Livingstone, and he comes out with a trenchant decision:

"Firstly: by the Greek genius we shall mean a spirit which manifested itself in certain peoples inhabiting lands washed by the Ægean sea: it appears to have

*THE GREEK GENIUS AND ITS MEANING TO US. By R. W. Livingstone. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

been only partly determined by race: Athens was its heart, and little or nothing of it is to be seen at Sparta: but Pindar possessed it though he was a Theban, Aristotle though he came from Stagira, Thales though he was born and lived in Asia, and Homer though his birthplace is not known. Perhaps this definition evades the difficulty: but it seems to suit the facts.

"Secondly: in defining this spirit we shall keep our eyes fixed on what is admitted to have been its most brilliant season of flower, the years between 600 and 400 B.C.; without forgetting that a hundred years passed before the most influential philosophies of Greece came to birth and its far-reaching permeation of the world began."

Keeping our author's plan in mind, we may turn to the interesting chapter on "The Note of Directness." After recalling Ruskin's incisive treatment of "The Pathetic Fallacy" and "Classical Landscape," Mr. Livingstone compares Mrs. Browning's sentimental and moving lines on the fate of a sea-gull carried into inland captivity with Aleman's brief limning of the bird "that flies over the blossom of the swell with the halcyons, careless of heart, the sea-purple bird of spring." He concedes the grace and daintiness of his countrywoman's poem, but declares that Aleman gives the more accurate picture, as well as a more sympathetic rendering of the bird's charm. Passing from this directness in the Greek's view of nature, he voices his conviction that it was simply one aspect of a general trend of thought and manner of looking at life. "It guided the eyes of the Greeks and drew their attention to certain aspects of things. It afforded a focus, within which they saw everything in strong relief, outside which they saw only darkness and confusion. It determined their whole idea of the world. For everywhere they took things at their obvious value, and saw them, so to speak, naked." Then he turns to their attitude toward such fundamental questions as love, friendship, and death. Proceeding always by illustration and comparison, he emphasizes his point, finding throughout his search a simplicity and a directness that are at times almost naïve, but are none the less unflinching and heart-searching in their straightforwardness. The Greeks never substituted color for light. "They were content, in the presence of life, if they could use and enjoy it rightly, and in the presence of death, if they could know it for what it was."

The foregoing must serve as an example of our author's treatment of his "Notes of Hellenism"; but one chapter on exceptions is quite as interesting as those that represent the rule. Believing with Rohde that Platonic thought and philosophy were an alien phenomenon in

Greece, he treats the great master as an example of the unhellenic spirit. To be sure, he admits that in a thousand ways Plato was a Greek of the Greeks, nor has he missed the charm and tremendous importance of the master; but he feels that the great idealist belongs essentially to those who "taught us to look past the 'unimaginary and actual' qualities of things to secondary meanings and an inner symbolism. In opposition to liberty and humanism they taught us to mistrust our nature, to see in it weakness, helplessness, an incurable taint, to pass beyond humanity to communion with God, to live less for this world than for one to come." In this connection he deals very briefly with Orphism and "similar gospels of otherworldliness" in Greece, and iterates his conclusion that the exceptions to rationalistic humanism are but few. Now from Mr. Livingstone's deliberately limited point of view, I think he is right; but we must emphasize two points. Firstly: Orphism had an influence on Christianity that even yet is very hard to estimate. In the paintings of the Catacombs, for instance, it is clear that the Thracian singer, whether he ever existed or not, was regarded as prefiguring the Christ, while the echoes from Orphism in the New Testament are frequent and important. Secondly: many great thinkers in every century since the birth of Christianity, and in every occidental country, have seen in Plato an undying light upon the eternal hills; and tributes to his abiding greatness have been poured forth in abundance by the apologists of Christianity from Clement, who declared that Plato wrote by the inspiration of God, to Bishop Westcott, who states admiringly that he points to St. John. Greek philosophy and Greek religion between them managed to influence the thought and morals of the Roman Empire and of all succeeding generations. In fact, many scholars are declaring to-day that Greek teaching about immortality and ethics and kindred themes will constitute their most valuable and abiding contribution to civilization. At any rate, Mr. Livingstone's attitude and his confidence in the inherent strength of his case are indicated by his willingness to throw away the powerful arguments for a knowledge of Greek life and literature that can be based on the greatness of Plato and the significance of the Grecian religions of mysticism.

But then our author is not trying to convert anybody. And here lies much of his charm. He admits frankly that he is interested in Greek strength and beauty, not in Greek ugliness and weakness; yet he does not deny that the ugliness

and weakness were real and ominous. He is always willing to concede everything to the other side, sometimes more than is necessary. Such a spirit is not less confidence-inspiring than delightful; and to the profane who are not of the grosser sort the volume will offer a much more winning argument for Greek studies than would a more definitely propagandist effort. To students and teachers of the Classics, as also "to the considerable public who take a humane interest in what Greece has done for the world," it will be a source of genuine pleasure. The present reviewer read it the first time with enjoyment, a second time with unfeigned delight.

The book has its defects. It skips from "Shelley's passionate idealism" to Brunetière's *Sur les Chemins de la Croyance* with a glad-some agility that recalls the famous measurements in the "Thinkshop" of "The Clouds." It writes about Winckelmann in words that will not be clear to readers unfamiliar with his life, and may be misleading. It picks examples that are open to controversy. To me, at least, Pindar seems a most unfortunate choice as a type of Greek humanism. It is extravagantly severe on poor Helen. It is unnecessarily uppish about such amiable souls as Theocritus and Stevenson and Lamb. It jars with a phrase like this: "A world where the state was first and the individual nowhere," which is an obvious adaptation of the famous words of Captain O'Kelley about the performance of "Eclipse" at Epsom. It even includes the following beautiful sentence in a chapter that is lauding Greek truthfulness and freedom from artificiality: "We seem in their literature to watch the immediate image of life, unrefracted by any disturbing medium, just as to-day, off their coasts, the traveller sometimes sails over a sunken sarcophagus, and far below him can see the carven figures on it, clear and undistorted through the pellucid waters." It does a hundred things,—and remains intellectually profitable and stimulating, delightfully written, and generously rich throughout.

Furthermore, I think, it does render fine and genuine service in the connection I have tried to suggest by the title and the opening paragraph of this review. The day of supernaturalism may never pass for all mankind; but the number of men and women who can no longer see by its light and live by its breath is increasing with startling rapidity. They seek their revelation in human nature, their guidance in reason and the experience of the race. And Mr. Livingstone points out that the Greeks are the only people who have conceived the problem

similarly, that their answer is the only one which has yet been made. So we are turning back to Greece, and beginning to understand what the Greeks said and meant. We are ascertaining their views, and in some cases accepting them. Our author does not explicitly advocate any form of what writers have been calling neopaganism; yet his work may easily incur such a charge. Now, on the general question many readers will agree with Mr. Chesterton's pithy conclusion: "But if we do revive and pursue the pagan ideal of a simple and rational self-completion we shall end—where Paganism ended. I do not mean that we shall end in destruction. I mean that we shall end in Christianity." But writers like Mr. Livingstone and Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson (in "The Greek View of Life") are not attempting to revive Paganism, or Hellenism, or anything else. They are only insisting, and insisting rightly, that the Greeks faced many of our problems and have much to tell our own generation as it stands before the door of to-morrow. FRED B. R. HELLEMS.

THE COMEDY AND TRAGEDY OF AN ACTOR'S LIFE.*

The intimate and sometimes amusingly frank self-revelations of Macready's private diaries, now for the first time publicly printed with scarcely any reservations or omissions, give them that character of warm human interest and unmistakable naturalness that cannot but go far toward reconciling the reader to the somewhat formidable size of the two volumes in which these diaries, between the years 1833 and 1851, are presented by their editor, Mr. William Toynbee. It is thirty-eight years since Sir Frederick Pollock, one of Macready's executors, gave to the world the actor's "Reminiscences and Selections from his Diaries and Letters," and the reasons that then made advisable a careful censorship of the wealth of material at the editor's disposal have now lost their force. The eighteen years covered by the present work are the most interesting and eventful of Macready's life, the period of his highest success in his calling; and they are also interesting and eventful years in the political, social, and literary history of England. Earlier and later passages from the actor's diaries are found in Pollock's book; but before 1833 the entries are brief and comparatively unimportant, and after 1851 they exhibit

*THE DIARIES OF WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, 1833-1851. Edited by William Toynbee. In two volumes. With forty-nine portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Macready in his retirement and busied chiefly with family affairs. The "Reminiscences," covering the period from infancy to the age of thirty-three, and the later letters that are published with them, will serve as supplement to Mr. Toynbee's work, and the two books together present in sufficient completeness the famous actor's four-score years (1793-1873). With the addition of Mr. William Archer's succinct and scholarly account of the man and his work, in the "Eminent Actors" series, the whole story of William Charles Macready's public and private life would seem to have been told for all time.

A few passages from his full and intimate daily notes will depict the Irish actor's character better than any description from another person. Piety and passion, outbursts of anger and seasons of repentance, pride and humility, the fine enthusiasm of one devoted wholly to his art, and presently the dull prosiness of the introspective moralist—these and other contradictory qualities are to be found in the gifted actor's portrait of himself. Though his grandfather was a Dublin upholsterer and his father an actor and afterward an unsuccessful theatre-manager, young Macready was sent to Rugby and was expecting to study for the bar when his father's misfortunes compelled him to take the shortest road to the succor of the distressed family. Thus it came about that, as Mr. Toynbee tells us,

"With the University and a learned profession in prospect, he was suddenly transported into the squalid atmosphere of a bankrupt provincial theatre which his father, hitherto prosperous, was precariously directing, shadowed by the sheriff's officer. To an aspiring and highly sensitive public-school boy such a transition must have been little less than torture. Worse, however, was to follow, for after a few months' hopeless struggle, the unfortunate manager disappeared behind the walls of Lancaster gaol, leaving his son to face the situation alone, a truly appalling plight for a lad of sixteen, with practically no experience and not a shilling in the treasury."

But he grappled with the difficulty in manly fashion, took command of the stranded company, and contrived to hold it together until his father regained his freedom and was able to resume control. On the seventh of June, 1810, the son made his first appearance on the stage, in the part of Romeo, in which he "cut a gallant and picturesque figure," and found himself fairly launched on his course of forty years' uninterrupted success as a favorite entertainer of the theatre-going public. But it was a well-earned success. On the very first page of the present edition of the diaries we find an indica-

tion of the unremitting care he bestowed on the study of his parts. Under date of January 2, 1833, he writes:

"My performance this evening of Macbeth afforded me a striking evidence of the necessity there is for thinking over my characters previous to playing, and establishing, by practice if necessary, the particular modes of each scene and important passage. I acted with much energy, but could not (as I sometimes can, when holding the audience in wrapt attention) listen to my own voice, and feel the truth of its tones. It was crude, and uncertain, though spirited and earnest; but much thought is yet required to give an even energy and finished style to all the great scenes of the play, except perhaps the last, which is among the best things I am capable of. Knowles is ravished with his own acting, and the support it has met with. I wish I was with mine."

A little later occurs one of the diarist's not infrequent outbursts of disgust with his calling, together with a scathing invective against critics in general and the "Quarterly Review" editor in particular. In his closing sentence Harriet Martineau would have found joy, as would also many others whom the mordant pen of Walter Scott's son-in-law had stung to madness.

"I wish I were anything rather than an actor—except a critic; let me be unhappy rather than vile! If I meant by this that men who usually criticize are vile I should convict myself of equal folly and injustice. It is the assumption of the high duties of criticism (demanding genius and enthusiasm tempered by the most exact judgment and refined taste) by mere dealers in words, with no pretensions to integrity of purpose or the advancement of literature, that disgusts and depresses me. The sight of the *Quarterly Review*—the arena of Croker, Lockhart, Harness, Hall, etc.—which H. Smith has sent me, induced a train of thought upon the (so-called) criticism of the country. Generally speaking it takes its tone from faction. The most profound ignorance is no obstruction to the most dogmatic assertions—these are made, of course, on points that few persons are interested in contradicting, or in seeing contradicted, therefore they remain as texts for the declaimers from the particular *Review* to preach from. It is really my opinion that in the classification of minds such a one as Lockhart's—hireling, defamer, corrupt (not by direct means of pecuniary bribe, but by party and power), malignant trader in sentences pointed to stab, and draw by slow droppings the life-blood of a man's heart—is of the base the basest."

Macready lived to see the mercilessly slashing style of criticism go out of fashion, but it is probable that he retained to the last a tongue that could, on occasion, slash with the best of the reviewers and critics. Again and again he upbraids himself for giving vent to his anger. "Oh passion! passion!" he exclaims, "what a wretched, senseless, ruinous guide thou art!" And in the same vein he descants more at length:

"How strange it is that our experience of the pain as well as unprofitableness of passion should not teach us the lesson of subduing it! How many times this morn-

ing had I to accuse myself and reason myself out of my wrath and impatience, as I drove along, because Healey had brought me a *slow coach* instead of a fast cab! If there be one folly more injurious to man than another it is the senseless fury of anger."

This same senseless fury was responsible for the hostile relations that grew up, or sprang up, between Macready and so many of his friends and associates, as Kean and Forrest, Charles Kemble and Alfred Bunn, and numerous others. Among the amiable diarist's minor foibles we find that of late rising repeatedly censured by him, though an actor might surely be pardoned for hugging his pillow a little longer in the morning than other people. Rather amusing are such entries as the following:

"Compuention is injurious if unproductive of improvement; let my revision of this day enable me to be more resolute in my resistance of future temptations, and teach me for my own and my children's good the necessity of blending activity with enjoyment. . . .

"I am again called upon to note down an instance of my indolence and weakness; the reflections of yesterday only expose me to further self-reproach to-day. I lay in bed until a very late hour. As some atonement I walked to town, redeeming part of the day from general censure by using it in the wholesome exercise of the body, which is the best use of time after employing it in strengthening and invigorating our minds. . . .

"Could not get up when called this morning, so overcome did I feel from want of sleep; all the coaches had passed, and left me to make a virtue of necessity, which I did by sending my cloak, etc., to town, and setting off in the sharp air of the morning upon a most delightful walk."

He continues, in quite Pepysian vein, to describe the exhilarating effects of his walk, his gratification at being invited to take a seat in a very neat gig by a gentleman who was driving to town—an invitation that he thankfully declined, as he was walking for exercise—and his pleasure at the sight of several villagers wheeling home the coal he had given them.

From that part of the record which describes his American tour in 1843-4, a few passages must be quoted. In New York, soon after landing, he writes:

"Forrest called and took me out to see the reservoir of the aqueduct; afterwards to see Mrs. Forrest. Dined with Pierce Butler, Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow. Mrs. Butler's [Fanny Kemble's] conversation was such that, had I been her husband—I should observe that Mrs. Butler spoke admirably well, but quite like a man. She is a woman of a most extraordinary mind; what she said on most subjects was true—the stern truth, but what in the true spirit of charity should not have been said in the presence of one who was obliged to listen to it. Alas!"

At New Orleans five months later he writes:

"Last day of my engagement here! The thought brings new animation to my spirits and comparative quiet to my nerves. My labour is incessant, monotonous, and with nothing in the character of my criticism

to stimulate me; the money and the thought of home are the comforting reflections."

Again, in New York, on the eve of leaving our shores, he writes, with a mingling of piety and thrift:

"The anniversary of my opening the Park theatre, New York, since when I find myself, with all expenses paid, about £2,500 bettered in pecuniary circumstances, for which I gratefully, devoutly and earnestly thank God."

Ten portraits of Macready, including six in stage costume, and thirty-nine portraits of friends and fellow-actors contribute the pictorial element of the volumes, and their thousand or more pages of excellent reading matter are fully indexed as well as sufficiently provided with footnotes.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

MR. ZANGWILL'S NEW PLAY.*

The appearance of "The Next Religion" has been eagerly awaited by the devoted company of those who hold that no writer since Browning has taken unto himself the entire wealth of human culture with finer sensitiveness of response than Israel Zangwill. His work is not always of even texture; when the Almighty planned Zangwill, He wrote upon the prescription, "*Fiat mixtura*"—yet there be those who believe that in "The Mantle of Elijah" the author has given to the world the most elevated novel of a generation; in "The Melting Pot" he has handled a world-problem with masterful security; his brilliant modern play "The War-God" sounds the clearest note of

. . . "duty—

God's trumpet-answer to life's dreary riddle."

His internationalism qualifies him for his mission as a cosmopolitan mediator (it is perhaps not generally known that the composer of the unusually successful American song, "I'm Awfully Glad I'm Irish" bears the name of Piantadosi).

Open to every stimulus throughout the whole range of elaborated values, Mr. Zangwill has sensed most delicately the richest dignities and beauties of human life. He knows his classics and his Church Fathers, he has compassed music, history, painting, and the infinite messages of nature: "the universe has passed through that brain," even as in the case of his own Raphael Dominick. In the midst of an appalling superficiality among writers, he feels the life-and-death earnestness of the struggle for spiritual existence; his severe puritanism means more because it is a part of the web of the most

* THE NEXT RELIGION. A Play in Three Acts. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

sumptuous civilization; he has given body to the visions of those who yearn for a kingdom of God on earth; he is a true poet and seer of the twentieth century.

Each of the three acts of "The Next Religion" is played against a most effective background: in the first, the scene is laid in a cosy English country parsonage, in which the crisis of the insurgent clergyman is developed with telling strokes; in the second act we look into the shabby quarters in the Whitechapel Road where Stephen and his family are tasting all the bitterness of poverty and failure; the last scene shows the splendors of St. Thomas's Temple, the cathedral of Stephen's "new religion," of which he is the high-priest and prophet.

But all these scenic and dramatic features are but merest incidents when it comes to confronting the critical problem of our earth,

"This labouring, vast, Tellurian galleon,"

floundering in the welter of Islam, and Judaism, and Christianity,—the insistent question as to whether Christianity is still able to meet its obligations: whether it should be wound up, or should continue to do business in the hands of receivers; it is to this ominous taking account of the world's stock that Mr. Zangwill summons us, and his "New Religion" comes as an answer to a waiting which has not been short of painful: we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel; if he were not to prove the Moses to lead into a larger land, we had, at least, every right to expect an open-eyed facing of the whole matter.

Alas and alack! this cosmic drama must be added to the large list of Jungle-Books which lead nowhere. We had awaited a convincing, universal synthesis, and at the beginning such hopes are encouraged: "Yes, but the devil's truth comes by denying—God's truth by affirming. From more faith, not from less! The next religion will be larger than Christianity, not smaller; harder, not easier." We have intimations of deep spirituality, of triumphant faith: "No lip-religion this, but life's central reality, as clear as the sky, as real as the earth." It promises to attack the "world's dirty work," but fails altogether to connect with the fierce dispersive ethics of to-day's labor-philosophy. It certainly fails to show a religion which attests or even hints at a significant, harmonized universe. Through twelve years the action continues, until Stephen, thanks to the money of a clumsy British Philistine, is "Master," and "the world at his feet"—one wonders why. As to motives and action, we have an almost sardonic

blend of light and shade, of hope and despair.

The real "push" to the New Religion comes from Mary, a pure-minded Christian reactionary, a heroine who hangs like a millstone about her husband's neck, and who by an opportune miraculous prayer becomes a startling *dea ex machina* at the moment of supreme tragic difficulty, the whole situation seeming about as incongruous here as the big engraving of a side-wheeled ocean steamship which marks the close of the third volume of St. Ambrose's writings in the "Patrologia Latina." The representatives of the protest against the Christian Church and its teaching are sorry figures (even the good Stephen) when not vulgar, selfish, or dissipated. As to the fire-new Temple-cult, with Swinburne as a stained-glass Saint (*ein wunderlicher Heiliger!*), its wax candles and golden candlesticks, its ever-burning taper before the portrait of Sir Thomas McFadden, inventor of guns, to say nothing of the sacristan in his "blue gown with silver spots,"—these things may be convincing and heartening to some souls—"credat Iudaeus Apella; non ego."

Even the incidental cleverness is annoying in its futility, and the dramatic tension at the close is painfully cheap. The play sedulously extrudes all undigested objections to superseding Christianity, and from a sunny outlook leads to the gloomiest fog. Mary's last outcry is against Stephen's "miserable religion," and the oracular Hal McFadden, M.D., M.R.C.S., etc., transformed from a chaser of housemaids into a representative of England's mature wisdom, delivers the final counsel of despair: "Christianity can't be improved on—the lesson was cheap at the price. Good-bye." We fail to see that twelve years of dramatic business have advanced the matter one inch.

Possibly our American perspective is at fault, and it may be impossible to overcome the difficulties in estimating the relative values of these things on British soil. It is sufficiently axiomatic that a mortal insult in Illinois may be a flattering compliment in Michigan, or the reverse. But however baffled we may be in getting light from Mr. Zangwill's message, our chief marvel lies in the easy gullibility of England's Lord Chamberlain: the Free Thinkers of our allied Empire must surely have bribed him to forbid the performance of "The Next Religion" in Great Britain, for no conceivable document could be better contrived for driving a whole people, like a flock, into the untroubled fold of the Holy Apostolic Christian Church.

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

A CONCORDANCE TO DANTE'S
LATIN WORKS.*

Concordances are growing in number and favor. There is now a flourishing Concordance Society. Everybody is familiar with one or more biblical concordances. The earliest of these were made to show that there is no inconsistency between one part of the Bible and another. St. Anthony of Padua should be regarded as the patron saint of concordance makers, as tradition says that he made the first biblical concordance. When Dr. E. A. Fay published his Concordance of the Divina Commedia, twenty-five years ago, the hope was expressed that the venture might prove sufficiently successful to encourage further efforts in the same direction. Mr. Paget Toynbee gave it as his opinion that a concordance to Dante's minor works, Latin as well as Italian, would undoubtedly do more for the elucidation of Dante than half a dozen isolated commentaries, there being no method more profitable than making Dante his own interpreter. A concordance of the minor Italian works, compiled by Messrs. E. S. Sheldon and A. C. White, was published in 1905. To complete the series, Messrs. E. K. Rand and E. H. Wilkins, assisted by Mr. A. C. White, have recently published a concordance of Dante's Latin works. In this are included all the Latin works found in the third edition of the Oxford text, 1904, namely, the "Eclogae," "De monarchia," "De vulgari eloquentia," "Epistolae," and "Quaestio de aqua et terra."

A concordance is strictly a ready reference book. The aim is always a practical one. It has no interest for the mere amateur. It is to aid the serious student in word study, the location of a particular passage, or the comparison of the different uses to which an author puts a particular word. Its value is chiefly as a help in the critical study of a text or an author. Only the authors of highest rank can expect to have the honor of a concordance awarded them. Among English authors so honored are Burns, Gray, Milton, Pope, Shakespeare, Shelley, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. Comprehensive indexes and dictionaries of various writers are appearing from year to year, like the recent Dickens, Kipling, Thackeray, and Zola dictionaries; but these are mostly concerned with the proper names occurring in the works of the

authors mentioned. One could not get much assistance if he went to these guides for help on the use of a special word, nor could he determine the frequency of use of a particular expression by consulting their pages. Thanks to the work of Messrs. Fay, Sheldon and White, Rand and Wilkins, we now have three valuable aids to the study of Dante's vocabulary,—helps to the study of mediæval Latin and early Italian as used by the same master hand.

The maker of a concordance must have patience, industry, accuracy, leisure, and a sense of orderly arrangement. Care is more essential than originality, and there is a constant call for the play of judgment in deciding what commonplace words not to index, or what to omit when making a concordance to prose works, so that a one-line extract can give a sense of the context and usage of a particular word. A higher grade of judgment is required to plan the arrangement of all the material when collected. On the part of the compiler, the work must be one of love for the author, lest it turn to drudgery of the most oppressive sort. All these qualifications are amply possessed by the compilers of the new Dante concordance. To them, as well as to the Dante Society of Cambridge, to which is due the first impulse, we extend congratulations on the completion of a useful and laborious task exceedingly well done.

THEODORE W. KOCH.

PERSONALITY IN CRITICISM.*

The four volumes here grouped for review are confessedly miscellanies, and it would be idle to profess to find unity in any one of them, much less in the group, unless it be in the circumstance that they exemplify the power of personality in criticism. None of them, that is to say, would have been published without the author's name; each of them finds its right to exist in the fact that a considerable number of persons will care to know what its writer has had to say about books. Two are posthumous; and a third, that of Mr. Frederic Harrison, has also a suggestion of posthumous quality, being primarily made up of the reminiscences of an old—though, happily, still thoroughly live—man.

The many friends of the late Dr. Watson may hesitate to congratulate themselves on the publica-

* BOOKS AND BOOKMEN, and Other Essays. By Ian Maclaren. New York: George H. Doran Co.

POSTHUMOUS ESSAYS OF JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. Edited by L. C. Collins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

AMONG MY BOOKS. Centenaries, Reviews, Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison. New York: The Macmillan Co.

GATEWAYS TO LITERATURE, and Other Essays. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* DANTIS ALAGHERII OPERUM LATINORUM CONCORDANTIAE. Ediderunt E. K. Rand et E. H. Wilkins. New York: Oxford University Press.

tion of the volume called "Books and Bookmen." The essay which supplies the title is indeed well worth preserving, with its witty and undoubtedly personal account of the temptations and falls of the bibliolater. The other three were written as popular lectures, and show something of the thinness, the want of stuff, which is to be expected of such performances if they appear unchanged in print,—an impression strengthened by the fact that the whole book is an example of the all too common contemporary practice of making, by judicious choice of type and paper, a volume which should normally consist of a hundred pages look like one of three hundred, and sell for a corresponding price. The real worth of the book, as has already appeared, is in its appeal to those who have known the genial Ian Maclaren or heard him, and who will be glad of any memorial of his personality. Such persons will perhaps turn first to the lecture on Humour, which was repeatedly delivered in this country. To the reader of this it is even plainer than it must have been to the hearer that Dr. Watson had nothing of independent value to say about humour except where it touched his own country and countrymen; but his account of Scottish humour remains delightful, and furnishes a valuable commentary on many of the "Brier Bush" tales. It is characterized, we are told, by "a sense of the underlying tragedy of things, of the contradictions and mysteries of life, which have in them a sad absurdity." And the admirable corollary is this: "No man comes off so well at a wedding as an Englishman, but none is so ill at ease at a funeral; while a Scotsman has no freedom at a marriage, since he does not know how the matter may end, but he carries himself as to the manner born at a funeral."

Friends of the late Mr. Churton Collins, whose criticism was not always distinguished for its geniality, may also think it a doubtful tribute to collect the manuscripts which make up the volume of his "Posthumous Essays." These essays exhibit, to be sure, the breadth of his interests and the fine background of literary experience which he justly complained was so generally wanting in contemporary criticism; but they show little of the trenchant vigor of the "Ephemera Critica," and on the other hand preserve many imperfections of form which their author would never have permitted to find way into print. The greater number were written for delivery as popular lectures, and must be judged from the standpoint of this purpose. Of this sort perhaps the most satisfactory is the account of Emerson, whose character is portrayed with finely discriminating appreciation. The keynote of the interpretation might be found in Mr. Collins's interesting statement that Emerson combined some of the striking qualities of Berkeley, Wordsworth, and Benjamin Franklin.

It was always Mr. Collins's distinction to stress more firmly the actual content of literature than is the habit of those who have devoted themselves to literature as a profession. Of this practice significant examples are found in the essays on Words-

worth and Browning. Mr. Collins reacts strongly against Matthew Arnold's contempt for the Wordsworthian philosophy, and holds that, the better we know Wordsworth's poetry, the more shall we value its actual contribution to the thought of the age. Of Browning's religious philosophy his account is the most substantial portion of the volume, being presented in three essays with the alluringly mysterious titles, "Browning and Butler," "Browning and Montaigne," and "Browning and Lessing." To have found close kinship between the theological speculations of the authors of the "Analogy," the "Essays," and the "Laocoön"—Anglican divine, Renaissance Catholic-skeptic, and eighteenth-century German theorist,—must have been a rewarding intellectual experience. Mr. Collins's further discerning of parallels between all these and the vaguely Christian idealism of Browning's poetry has already been ridiculed as an example of his well-known taste for literary resemblances,—viewed, as others have believed, under a very strong microscope. In the present instance, however, he was not so much concerned with source-hunting or questions of influence as with the kinship between superficially different processes of justifying religious faith; and the parallels he draws must be interesting to every student of Browning. Whether Mr. Collins implicitly exaggerates the value of the several processes is a question for theologian or philosopher.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's volume is even more a miscellany than these others, containing, for example, two exceedingly learned essays on Byzantine history (one of them the Rede Lecture at Cambridge University, 1900), fortified with many footnotes, side by side with comments of the most chatty character on "Poets that I Love" and editions which are pleasant to put in one's bag for a journey. It might appear that Mr. Harrison, having undergone some severe discipline in the field of history, values scholarly method in connection with that subject; whereas in the field of literature, having been always an amateur, he is disposed to scorn other methods than those of the amateur. At any rate he holds that the "word of ill-omen known as Research hangs upon literature like the microbe of Sleeping Sickness," leading men to make books "by laborious poking into charnel houses and dustbins of the past, instead of by intelligent understanding of men and things." Again, in matters of literary judgment he warns us not to trust to experts, since a specialist is necessarily limited in his outlook. Wherever art is concerned, Mr. Harrison aspires to the same catholicity which his Positivism has taught him in matters of religion,—such an unprejudiced temper as won for him the approval of Cardinal Newman, he tells with gusto, as translator of the "Imitation of Christ." "What I contend for," he says in the essay on tragedy, "is respect for *all* great types of art, and freedom from national, personal, or sectional bias. 'Art is long,'—but inexhaustible." In one direction, however, he refuses to extend the scope of his appreciation. In a brief essay on Rodin he

takes the great sculptor as typical of indefensible tendencies in contemporary art, whose single aim, apparently, "is to shock one's grandmother." After the Victorian period, when "things were decorous, refined, and conventional, because it was an age of serious, decent, unimaginative men and women with a turn for science, social reform, and making things comfortable," came an incursion of morbid degeneracy characteristic of "the Scandinavian and Mongol imagination," with a new cult, which might be dubbed "*Aischrolatreia*—worship of the Ugly, the Nasty, the Brutal." After indulging himself in this healthy outburst, Mr. Harrison proceeds to discuss more philosophically why sculpture is of all arts the least fitted to the peculiar mannerisms of the age of Rodin.

The real worth of these essays (barring those based on historical learning) is again in the essayist's personality: in the personality of that type of amateur of literature which it is the special glory of the English universities to produce. The six essays which give the volume its title are frankly confined to the rehearsal of the personal tastes of the writer, as he goes about his library in old age and takes account of what it contains that is still vital, still beloved, after all the years. And is this, indeed, not as valid a laboratory test as one is likely often to have the chance of observing? On occasion we may feel certain that some error of the personal equation is implied,—as when Mr. Harrison exclaims of Byron's Letters, "This is the finest prose in our language"; or when he observes, "I care for Plato's metaphysics as little as for the rhapsodical gammon of Professor Bergson or Miss Marie Corelli" (which does not keep him from reading his Plato "with ever new delight"). But in general he is close enough in touch with the judgment of the ages, of the *orbis terrarum*, to make one certain that his guidance among his books will be not only agreeable but sound.

In turning to Professor Brander Matthews's essays we leave reminiscence and retrospection for alert contemporary criticism,—more worldly than academic, even if it be from the professorial chair. Two matters of external detail will attract the attention of one who picks up this volume. On the title-page is a continental sort of appendage to the author's name,—"*Member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters*," reminding us of that to which we have at length attained in the way of an hierarchy of which earlier generations of Anglo-Saxon men of letters idly dreamed. The other matter is reformed spelling in the text, calling to mind Professor Matthews's eloquent service on behalf of the Spelling Board, at whose pertinacity many of his friends have scoffed in vain. Letting pass these frivolities, one finds a dozen essays on literature as various as the works of Fenimore Cooper and of Anatole France, all in the urbane and liberal tone which the accustomed reader knows so well. To anyone interested in the art of the essayist perhaps the outstanding element in this collection is the theory and the prac-

tice of the French idea of critical style. In more than one passage Professor Matthews refers to the "Parisian tradition" of writing always for the general reader,—of renouncing "overt individuality," and eschewing self-expression of a kind likely to shock any person addressed; and nothing could be plainer than that this is always the goal which he sets before himself. The virtues of the method are doubtless suitable for imitation on the part of any young critic, but it has "the defects of its qualities." When one has been led easily and gracefully through fifty pages of the essayist's urbanities, he finds himself beginning to wish to be shocked in some fashion, either by a really salient idea or a mannerism of expression,—even if it be some extraordinary thrust of personality in the manner of a Saintsbury. He begins to weary, too, of the elegantly amateurish way in which the abundant quotations from other critics are introduced,—"*It was a Frenchman who declared*"; "*As Whitney once phrased it*"; "*It was the wise Mommsen who called*" etc.; "*It was the shrewd Bagehot who asserted*"; "*As Sidney Lanier declared poetically*." These instances are from a half dozen pages,—pages guiltless, incidentally, of any too scholastic footnote which might aid a thorough reader to seek out a citation in its context. It must have required much self-restraint on the part of a scholar to so purge his method and style of the dreadful German habit called *gründlichkeit*. But while we may be genuinely grateful to him for doing so, we must regretfully admit that some of the merits of *gründlichkeit*—such as the sense that we have really come to grips with the heart of the subject, as distinguished from circumnavigating it appreciatively—have been lost at the same time with the clumsiness of the German style.

Of the subjects discussed in this volume, perhaps those to which the author makes the happiest contributions are Familiar Verse, the Duty of Imitation on the part of young writers, and Anatole France. Another topic from which one hopes not a little is the elusive question as to the indifference of English readers to French poetry; but it is disappointing to learn nothing of this beyond the familiar facts that the French language lacks accent, lacks semi-tones, and lacks Germanic root-words, though these are restated with persuasiveness and charm. (On this subject there is now available the recent and valuable discussion of M. Legouis.) Perhaps least appealing, to many readers, is a curious little essay called "*The Devil's Advocate*," in which are brought together "historic doubts" concerning the right of Johnson, Ruskin, and Carlyle to a lasting place among great writers. It will be seen that the real source of unity in this grouping is in the common element of alleged bad manners, together with the element of exaggerated personality in style. But the devil's advocate (quite properly, of course) is allowed to forget such facts as that, while Dr. Johnson wrote a very bad style, he also wrote a very fine one. Who can read the closing words of the Preface to the Dictionary, or many a passage in the Preface to

Shakespeare, and believe that his influence as a stylist was altogether "artificial and demoralizing"? And as to lacking readers, there are signs of a new growth in this direction, of a new appreciation of Johnson's sturdy sagacity and truthfulness,—witness the recent lectures of Professor Walter Raleigh. Here Mr. Churton Collins, in some pages that exhibit sound appreciation not only of Johnson's personality but of the substantial value of what he wrote, probably comes much nearer than the devil's advocate to representing the final judgment of the court.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A French study of Chaucer.

Students of Chaucer will rejoice in the appearance in an English dress (Dutton) of M. Legouis's valuable biography of Chaucer, which appeared in *Les grands écrivains étrangers* (Paris: Bloud et Cie., 1910). We do not hesitate to pronounce it the most stimulating and suggestive book on Chaucer, of its kind, that has appeared in many years. M. Legouis brings to his task exceptional qualifications: wide familiarity with the literatures of both France and England; a keen delight, we may believe, in the special type of literature—narrative poetry—represented by Chaucer; sympathy with the point of view of the poet; and a distinctive and trenchant style. As a Frenchman, too, he naturally pays much attention to the style of the poet. He emphasizes the value of the training Chaucer received from his close imitation of the intricate verse forms of Machaut and his contemporaries. The *Roman de la Rose*, "the great poetical well" of the fourteenth century, was to Chaucer even more than a school for style; it supplied him with many thoughts, images, turns of expression. Indeed, recording as M. Legouis's book does the results of the latest scholarship, it differs from earlier works in representing Chaucer as far more of a borrower than was formerly supposed to be the case. It is not merely that he borrows plots and motifs, as did everybody in those days and for a long time afterward; it is not that he echoes many a line, and phrase, and *bon mot*, stored up by a retentive memory through years of absorbed reading; it is indeed the very essence of French poetry that he reproduces—the pure, even tone of the *trouvères*, the simplicity, the restraint, the sober sense, betokening the firm control of mind over feeling, which were distinguishing traits of the old French poets and which, in M. Legouis's opinion, serve to set off Chaucer's poetry in such sharp contrast with that of his English predecessors that to pass from one to the other seems like going into a different world. It is natural that a Frenchman should be the first to appreciate this fully and set it forth in telling fashion. Yet the author by no means belittles the genius of the English poet; nor is there any undue display of patriotism in his description of Chaucer's

French debt. He represents Chaucer indeed as a very human poet, who never poses as a mentor, but would always be looked upon as "a good-natured companion always ready to make place for somebody else," and who very quickly makes himself our friend. Yet he contends that Chaucer marks a distinct advance, which may be characterized as a progress of the intelligence: a weakening of passion based on self-confidence, a keen pleasure in observing men as they are, a willingness to portray average humanity. "He leads the group of amused and good-natured observers who will accept as a fact the motley fabric of society, without wishing to dye to a uniform colour the many strands that compose it." Thus he becomes the first, as he is not the least, of the realists. M. Lailavoix as a translator has acquitted himself well. Occasionally he has made a foreigner's slip in idiom, as e.g., when he says that the Wife of Bath "must be put on the same rank with Panurge and Falstaff" (p. 175); but such instances are rare. Some will regret that he has not thought it necessary to translate M. Legouis's careful analysis (sixty-four pages) of "The Canterbury Tales"; but as partial compensation for this omission we have a well-written preface of thirty pages in which the translator himself sums up French knowledge and opinions of Chaucer, deriving his facts chiefly from Miss Spurgeon's work. We have noted one or two misprints: p. 5, in the quotation read *floytinge*; p. 118, l. 6 f.b., read *Robert K. Root*; p. 119, read *De Casibus Virorum*, etc. The frontispiece portrait of Chaucer, reproduced from the Oocleve MS. now owned by Mr. Munro, comes out much better than it does in the French edition.

Bergson's own introduction to his own philosophy.

Two translations of Henri Bergson's "Introduction à la Métaphysique" are published almost simultaneously under the respective titles of "An Introduction to Metaphysics" (Putnam) in a rendering made by Mr. T. E. Hulme, and "The Introduction to a New Philosophy" (Luce) translated by Mr. Sidney Littman. Mr. Hulme's translation has the very decisive advantage of having been revised in proof by M. Bergson, and further advantage was taken of that fact to make several changes in the presentation of the subject. And apart from this, Mr. Hulme's translation is the more exact of the two. On the other hand Mr. Littman's volume includes a portrait of Bergson, which may be a consideration with some admirers of the French philosopher. The reader should not surmise from the original title that the author has written a general textbook. He simply gives us in these pages the basis upon which his own philosophy is built. Briefly, his argument is that the intellect, working as it does for practical ends, in the interests of the control of matter, tends to diagram everything, to specialize on the fixed and the expected features of reality; and then, when it begins to speculate, it takes the diagrams of reality for reality itself. From this tendency come the errors of the conflicting schools of philosophy, which have

all failed to see that the reality of life is a continual becoming, a flow which will not stop and mould itself on the categories of the understanding. This flow, says Bergson, cannot be described in the static terms of the intellect any more than grey can be described—to a man who has never seen it—in terms of black and white, although after it is once seen it can be analyzed into those terms. To comprehend reality then, we must use a faculty of direct perception,—an intuition which is behind, and more fundamental than, intellectual understanding. There is nothing mysterious about that faculty, says Bergson. "Every one of us has had occasion to exercise it to a certain extent. Any one of us, for instance, who has attempted literary composition, knows that when the subject has been studied at length, the materials all collected, and the notes all made, something more is needed in order to set about the work of composition itself, and that is an often very painful effort to place ourselves directly at the heart of the subject, and to seek as deeply as possible an impulse, after which we need only let ourselves go. . . . Metaphysical intuition seems to be something of the same kind. What corresponds here to the documents and notes of literary composition is the sum of the observations and experiences gathered together by positive science. For we do not obtain an intuition from reality—that is, an intellectual sympathy with the most intimate part of it—unless we have won its confidence by a long fellowship with its superficial manifestations." This last sentence should be an answer to those who have ridiculed the Bergsonian method on the ground that it exalted an alleged mystical faculty above positive science.

The crowded life of a great religious leader.

The record of John Wesley's strenuous life, with its thousands of miles of yearly travel and its incessant preaching to audiences of humble hearers, is fairly equalled by the crowded chronicle of General William Booth's gospel labors from the sixteenth year of a life that exceeded the Psalmist's limit by thirteen years. "The Authoritative Life of General William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army," by Mr. G. S. Railton, the General's First Commissioner, comes seasonably from the press within six months of the famous religious leader's death. Like Wesley and like Fox, William Booth had to maintain his cause against great public opposition, and like them he knew no such word as defeat. The fruit of his courage and enthusiasm was a religious organization extending to every part of Great Britain and to half a hundred other countries as well. That so frail a form, sustained by a diet incredibly meagre in its proportions, could have borne the burden of work and travel put upon it, especially in later years, excites wonder and admiration. It was the sustaining power of a high and unselfish purpose that carried him through. In his biographer he is fortunate to have a man more intimately familiar with the details of his life and work than anyone outside his immediate family. Mr. Railton freely supplements his narra-

tive with extracts from Booth's journals and letters and published writings. Characteristic of Mr. Booth and in harmony with the plan of the biography is the omission of those details which, while of less moment than the successive steps in the evangelist's rise to world-wide recognition and in the recruiting of his great army of religious workers, would have pictured the man to us more vividly as a human being and would have imparted variety to the narrative. For instance, while the General tells us much about his six weary years of apprenticeship at Nottingham and his subsequent period of irksome toil in London, he seems not to think it worth while, or of any interest to the reader, to explain in what his labors consisted. We fail to find any mention of the trade to which he was apprenticed, the fact of his conversion in the course of that apprenticeship overshadowing in its importance all less spiritual concerns. As a record of evangelistic toil and achievement, and as a history of the Salvation Army, the book is all that could be desired. It is well illustrated, and a useful chronological table is added. (George H. Doran Co.)

Essays by the wife of a famous essayist.

"Anecdotes and entertainment, rather than severe speculations, historical and social, are the *farrago libelli*—the burden of the book," writes Andrew Lang in a prefatory note to his wife's volume of collected papers, "Men, Women, and Minxes" (Longmans). Eighteen diverting studies in biography and literature and the philosophy of life, some of them dating back a quarter of a century, were chosen in Mr. Lang's lifetime by himself and Mrs. Lang from her contributions to various periodicals, and were in press for book publication at the time of his death. It is a severe test for a woman writer to be compared with so brilliant a literary craftsman as was Andrew Lang; but the comparison is inevitable, and in truth implies a compliment, for dissimilars are never compared, but rather contrasted. Something of her husband's lightness of touch, something of his command of a wide range of curious reading, and something of his fondness for the frequent unexpected or humorous turn of thought, are perceptible in Mrs. Lang's pages. She treats, with equal facility, "A Poseuse of the Eighteenth Century"—namely, Madame de Genlis,—"The Social Records of a Scotch Family," "Pitfalls for Collectors," "Rousseau's Ideal Household," "Morals and Manners in Richardson," "Two Centuries of American Women," "Other People's Friends," and various other topics. But in her "Trials of the Wife of a Literary Man," in which she ought to speak with authority, she pictures that woman's lot as too unendurable to be true; she makes the literary husband talk "shop" and ride his hobby to the point of utter weariness, whereas the surprising and refreshing thing about the best of literary men—about Browning and Thackeray and Scott and William Black, and dozens more—is their unaffected delight in escaping from the subjects associated with

their bread-winning pursuits. Can it be that the late A. L. was such a prig and pedant as these "trials" would have us believe the average literary man to be? Impossible!

*Studies in
primitive
Christianity.*

One of the main authorities depended upon by the German critic, Arthur Drews, in his attack upon the doctrine of an historical Jesus, was Dr. William Benjamin Smith of Tulane University, a mathematician by vocation but a theologian by avocation, who had independently reached the same conclusion as the German scholar, — that Jesus was not an historical personage. The book in which Professor Smith's conclusions were set forth in detail, "Ecce Deus: Studies in Primitive Christianity" (Open Court Co.), was originally written in German and published in Germany — probably owing to the fact that a work of such character is not only more sure of general welcome there, but because the judgment of the author's peers on his work must be a German judgment. Now the book comes, in enlarged form, to the English reader, after its ground has been prepared by the wide discussion of the recent English translation of Drews's book. While the general consensus of opinion is against both scholars in their contention, the fact must be apparent even to their opponents that they have done good service in clearing away from the figure of Christ much that is undoubtedly unhistorical and misleading. Professor Smith's discussion of such points as the interpolated references to Jesus in the writings of Josephus, for instance, is a matter of general interest to believers and non-believers alike. Stated positively, Professor Smith's thesis is that primitive Christianity was the evangel of a Saviour-God, conceived monotheistically, and described in symbolic terms which afterward came to be interpreted as referring to the man Jesus. His work, therefore, is not to be regarded as an attack on Christianity, but simply as an alternative explanation of its origin and growth.

*Later memories
of an English
publicist.*

Mr. Henry Mayers Hyndman's "Further Reminiscences" (Macmillan) forms a sequel to his "Record of an Adventurous Life," which came out two years ago and attracted attention by its variety of interest and liveliness of style. That book brought the writer's life down to 1889; the present volume continues the discursive narrative to the year just ended. Social and economic questions naturally claim the lion's share of space in the pages of this energetic social-democrat, but literary topics also find a place, and among literary celebrities Mr. Bernard Shaw, with whom Mr. Hyndman is evidently on intimate terms, receives most frequent mention. As a sample of the book's engaging manner, and in illustration of its author's out-spoken partisanship on any question, small or great, that presents itself for discussion, the following passage is worth quoting. "But à propos of that albuminous repast of his, what a pity it is that Shaw should have stunted the natural

growth of his mind and racked his intellect to fiddle-strings by his confoundedly inappropriate diet. Why has Shaw no pathos? How is it he is destitute of poesy? What makes his humour comparatively thin? Why do his dramas tend to peter out at their latter end? I say it with all confidence and certitude: because his food is not suited to our damnable climate, and his drink does him no good. In Sicily, or Tasmania, at Santa Barbara, Cape Town or Copiapó these vegetarian vagaries may be pardonable, though I should be sorry to try them on myself even there. But in England and in London, to say nothing of Ireland and Dublin, they are a sheer tempting of Providence to reduce a man to his lowest possible common denominator." Here, then, at last we have pathos and poesy traced to their source in beef and ale. The book is full of good things, almost as good as beef and ale, but it does not abound in pathos and poesy — which, however, the reader will not look for.

*Some curious
modern trials.*

Mr. Hugh Childers, who died last summer, completed shortly before his death the manuscript of a collection of historical studies entitled "Romantic Trials of Three Centuries," now published by John Lane Co. The twelve cases selected for discussion were tried between the years 1650 and 1850. They are very unequal in interest and importance. Disraeli's early libel suit has relatively no significance, except such as attaches to the smallest of a great man's doings and sufferings; and the Lyons Mail mystery, although the case is worked out by the author with enthusiastic thoroughness, falls somewhat out of the *cadre*, being as it is the only matter treated which has nothing to do with England or English procedure. Each one of the others touches on some interesting phase in the development of English criminal law. The trial of Elizabeth Canning for perjury, to instance one of them, was the first "of those elaborately conducted criminal trials in which no time or expense is spared on either side, and in which all the characteristics of English criminal law are seen at their best." That of William Penn for street preaching, to name another, first established definitively the right of juries to acquit, without reference to the attitude of the judge. Mr. Childers was so thoroughly interested in his cases that the reader's interest is not likely to flag, — even when, as in the matter of the Lyons Mail, he presents the slightly varying evidence of witness after witness with a persistency that grows fatiguing and confusing. In such easily followed and thrillingly interesting trials as that of the unfortunate "macaroni parson" Dodd, his narrative makes a powerful appeal even to the reader who has little interest in legal minutiae.

*Two booklets
in varying vein.*

That Mr. Kendall Banning is a versatile young writer is evidenced by the simultaneous publication, under the auspices of the Brothers of the Book, Chicago, of two booklets as widely different in contents as "The Squire's Recipes" and "The Love Unend-

ing." The former, irreverently known as "the booze book," pretends to be a collection of recipes for the concoction of a dozen alluring and insidious drinks, as originated by one Calvin Banning, the author's putative ancestor. It masquerades as a reprint of a pamphlet dated Sudbury, 1784, and the mystification is effectively carried out by the employment of old-fashioned typographical devices. As for the recipes, they sound good, and will probably be found good by those who venture to follow them. Mr. Banning's other booklet is a collection of four sonnets, dedicated to the memory of "the wife of my youth." We quote the one called "Communion."

"No circumstance of death shall part us twain:
My love for thee is not but for a day;
But sometime, somehow, ever and for aye,
Mine arms shall hold thee to mine own again.
Time shall not enter unto love's domain;
Men, ereods and worlds and gods, in grim array,
Like chaff before the storm, shall sweep away,
And death shall die. But love, our king, shall reign.

Somewhere, between the black, abysmal night
That broods in silence, endless and profound
Below the thunders of the seventh hell,
And heaven's utmost high celestial height,
Where perfect love by perfect peace is crowned
My soul shall find thee. And the rest is well."

The undeniable beauty of this sonnet is matched in the other three. And a photogravure of Watts's "Love and Death" provides a frontispiece in exquisite keeping with the emotion of the poems.

New light on the exploration of the Ohio Valley. In rescuing from oblivion the names of four Virginian explorers (Wood, Batts, Fallam, and Needham), and establishing by their narratives the fact that the actual discovery of the Trans-Allegheny region was made by the English and not by the French, a notable addition to the history of North American exploration has been made by Messrs. Clarence Wadsworth Alvord and Lee Widgood, whose volume embodying this result is published by the Arthur H. Clark Co. under the title, "The First Explorations of the Trans-Allegheny Region by the Virginians, 1650-1674." It is singular enough that two such painstaking historians as Francis Parkman and Justin Winsor should have denied the authenticity of these discoveries; but as the most essential link in the chain of evidence—Abraham Wood's letter describing the journeys of Needham and Arthur—was buried in the Public Record Office in London, there is perhaps some excuse for their mistake. To complete the story, the editors have brought together in this volume not only several documents that had never before seen the light, but also some that had already been published. None of these latter, however, were readily accessible. Not the least valuable part of the work is the full and scholarly introduction, in which the editors succeed in throwing a very clear light not only upon the lives and achievements of the discoverers, but also upon the circumstances and conditions that impelled them to cross the mountains—the first pathfinders in the

restless and resistless movement toward the west. A bibliography and an analytical index, two features often enough missing in works of this character, add materially to the value of the book from the student's point of view.

A new volume of Mr. Belloc's diversions. "This and That and the Other" (Dodd) is a new volume of essays by

an English author who needs no introduction. Mr. Hilaire Belloc—the versatile, irresponsible, prolific, altogether likable Mr. Belloc—is particularly beloved by those who are not attracted by the essayists of paradox and the essayists of æsthetic culture. In his latest book, which differs from its predecessors mainly in the title (and not conspicuously even in that respect), we have a new fund of mirth, sobriety, and sentiment, a thiness and thatness and otherness as diversified and instructive as those of the world itself; pedants, atheism, inns, crooked streets, the love of England, the obituary notice, are some of the forty subjects dealt with. "On Knowing the Past" is a title that symbolizes Mr. Belloc's habit, which distinguishes him from most American essayists, of looking to former ages for inspiration and guidance.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"Poems and Stories by Bret Harte" (Houghton), edited by Mr. Charles Swain Thomas, is a welcome addition to "The Riverside Literature Series." Seventeen poems and five stories are included, while the editor has supplied notes, questions, and an introduction.

Professor Albert H. Tolman's "Questions on Shakespeare," published at the University of Chicago Press, is a series of pamphlets, each devoted to a single play, which provides the teacher with a wealth of material in the shape of information, suggestion, and questions for discussion in class. It is a very helpful publication.

Mr. Henry Frowde publishes, in two volumes, a translation, made by Mr. Edward Kershaw Francis, of the Latin lectures on poetry, delivered in 1832-41 by John Keble, when he held the professorship of poetry at Oxford. They are a welcome and highly important addition to the literature of literary criticism in English.

Adam Lindsay Gordon is probably the best known of Australian poets, and it is no slight tribute to his fame that an American publisher should have thought it safe to venture an edition of his complete poems. This is what the Messrs. Putnam have done, and the volume, a very attractive one, is edited by Mr. Douglas Sladen. It includes several pieces never before printed.

The second publication of The Happy Publishing Company (London) is a little brochure entitled "Religion and Fairyland," whose thesis aims to show that the fundamental human need for a fairy land,—a "beyond,"—is "the raw material of all religion, and perhaps of all philosophy and art as well." The binding of the little book is dainty and unusual. Miss Edith M. Jewson is its author.

Lamb's essay on "Old China," dear to every votary of Elia, has been reprinted in an exquisite little Riverside Press Edition by the Houghton Mifflin Co. Several quaint decorations in blue from Japanese ceramic designs

embellish the twenty-odd pages; and the old-fashioned paper boards, in blue and white, which enclose the booklet strike a pleasant and appropriate note. It is indeed what Lamb himself would have called a "delicate edition."

The "Guide to the Study and Reading of American History" (Ginn), prepared by Professors Edward Channing, A. B. Hart, and F. J. Turner, is a revised and greatly augmented form of a work published in 1896 by the first two of the editors named. It now constitutes a working bibliography which places every student of the subject under a deep debt of gratitude.

Mr. Robert H. Bradbury has prepared "An Inductive Chemistry" (Appleton) which lives up to its name in its order of topics and method of their treatment. It begins with sulphur and the sulphides, an opening which has manifest advantages. The subjects of the kinetic theory of matter, the atomic theory, valence, and the periodic law, are introduced when the time comes to take them up, instead of being forced upon the unprepared mind as an introduction to the subject. A series of eight portrait illustrations, from Scheele to Fischer, adds materially to the interest of the book.

So nearly ideal in form and make-up is the "Golden Treasury Series" (Macmillan) that we have long thought a poet could ask no better favor of the future than that his work should be enshrined in one of these little blue and gold volumes. William Allingham is the latest poet to gain admittance to the series. Although known chiefly by his two children's songs, "Up the airy mountain" and "Good-bye, good-bye to Summer," which appear in every anthology, Allingham wrote much that will always find favor among serious poetry-lovers. The present selection from his work has been made by Miss May Allingham. A photogravure portrait of the poet is included by way of frontispiece.

A uniform library edition of the works of Sir Gilbert Parker, to be completed in eighteen volumes, has been planned by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The edition is known as the "Imperial," and is similar in form to the other subscription sets of modern authors issued by this house. The first volume of the set, "Pierre and His People," contains a general introduction by the author, and each volume has a special introductory article concerning the book that follows. The other volumes now at hand are "A Romance of the Snows," "Northern Lights," and "Mrs. Falcion." These books of Sir Gilbert's earlier years will prove a pleasant revelation to the host of those who know him only by the recent novels that have made him so widely popular a writer.

Public libraries in Australia have not yet caught up with the needs of the Australians, but it is a new country and the library idea must be allowed time to grow. Among those who are doing good work in fostering its growth is Mr. E. Morris Miller, librarian of the Melbourne Public Library and chairman of the Provisional Committee of the recently formed Library Association of Victoria. A well-considered treatise on "Libraries and Education" comes from his hand, being the outgrowth of a series of lectures lately delivered by him. The pamphlet treats of the relations of libraries to education, in six sub-sections; of school libraries and reading, in the same number of subordinate chapters; of the university library; and of schools and libraries. The references show the author to be a careful reader of English and American library literature, and no stranger to German and French.

NOTES.

A book on "Enjoyment of Poetry," by Mr. Max Eastman, is announced by Messrs. Scribner.

An account of "The Life and Times of Calvin" by L. Penning, a Dutch writer, will be published immediately by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Bliss Carman is engaged in the preparation of an "Oxford Book of American Verse," planned as a companion volume to Mr. Quiller-Couch's well-known anthology of English poetry.

Mark Twain's life in Bermuda has been made the subject of a volume by Miss Elizabeth Wallace, which Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce under the title, "Mark Twain and the Happy Island."

"English Criticism" by Professor J. W. H. Atkins, and "English Dramatic Poetry" by Professor Felix Schelling, are two important volumes soon to appear in Messrs. Dutton's "Channels of English Literature" series.

Mr. Humfrey Jordan, who will be remembered as author of "The Joyous Wayfarer," one of the most distinctive of last year's novels, has completed a new story entitled "Patchwork Comedy," which Messrs. Putnam will publish late this month.

Another of Mr. John Masefield's long narrative poems is the principal feature of "The English Review" for February. "The Daffodil Fields" is its title. An interesting discussion of "Phonetics and Poetry," by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, also appears in this issue.

"The Price of Inefficiency," by Mr. Frank Koester, is an analysis and criticism of our national conditions, to be published this spring by the Sturgis & Walton Co. This firm has also in press a new novel by Mr. John Fleming Wilson, entitled "The Princess of Sorry Valley."

Charles Major, a novelist of wide popular repute, died at his home in Shelbyville, Ind., on February 13. His first book, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," had an enormous sale at the time of its publication, fifteen years ago. Eight novels have appeared from his pen since that time.

Mr. John Muir's "Story of My Boyhood and Youth," which has been the most interesting of recent "Atlantic" features, will be published in book form this month by Houghton Mifflin Co. This house has also in press a new volume by Mr. Enos A. Mills, to be entitled "In Beaver World."

Three books of serious interest soon to be published by Mr. B. W. Huebsch are the following: "The Discovery of the Future," by Mr. H. G. Wells; "Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism, and Socialism," by Mr. John Spargo; and "The Truth about Socialism," by Mr. Allan L. Benson.

In Mr. James Huneker's forthcoming volume, "The Pathos of Distance: A Book of a Thousand and One Moments," will be discussed such subjects as "The Later George Moore," "The Celtic Awakening," "In Praise of Fireworks," "The Artist and His Wife," and "Browning among his Books."

"The Drift of Romanticism," a new series (the eighth) of Mr. Paul Elmer More's "Shelburne Essays," is announced for early issue by Houghton Mifflin Co. Other books of literary interest to be published this spring by the same house are the following: "The English Lyric," by Professor Felix A. Schelling; "Youth and Life," a collection of "Atlantic" essays by Mr. Randolph S. Bourne; "Goethe's Key to Faust," by Mr.

William Page Andrews; and "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures," translated from the Chinese by Mr. George Soulié.

The Committee on Research Institute is collecting information about bibliographical material and indexes kept in manuscript by libraries and individuals. Those who have in their possession or know of the whereabouts of any such material, are asked to communicate with Mr. Aksel G. S. Josephson, care the John Crerar Library, Chicago.

Two volumes by the late John Bascom, for many years a frequent contributor to THE DIAL, are announced for spring publication by Messrs. Putnam. One of these, entitled "Things Learned by Living," is a sort of spiritual biography of a life lived on the highest intellectual and ethical levels; the other book is a collection of "Sermons and Addresses."

The April number of the "American Historical Review" (Macmillan) will contain the full text of the address on "History as Literature" which Colonel Roosevelt delivered on December 27 before the American Historical Association as president of that body; as well as the papers read before the same association by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Professor J. W. Thompson, and Professor W. E. Dodd.

Among the more important books on the Spring list of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are the following: "All the Days of My Life," an autobiography by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr; the eighth and concluding volume of "A History of the People of the United States," by Professor John Bach McMaster; "The Psychology of Laughter," by Professor Boris Sidis; "The Flowery Republic," an account of the revolution in China, by Mr. Frederic McCormick; "French Prophets of Yesterday," by Professor Albert Leon Guérard; "Woman and To-morrow," by Mr. W. L. George; "The Vatican," by Rt. Rev. Edmond Canon Hugues de Ragnau and Gaston Jollivet; "The Social Meaning of Education," by Professor Irving King; "Certainty and Justice," by Mr. Frederic R. Coudert; and "The Social Center," edited by Mr. Edward J. Ward.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1913.

Administration, Changing the. F. J. Haakin. *Everybody's*
Agriculture, Illinois, Permanency in. B. E.
Powell. *Review of Reviews*
Alabama Claims, Arbitration of. W. C. Church. *Century*
Americanisms—What They Are Not. Thomas R.
Lounsbury. *Harper*
Americans and Europeans. Maurice F. Egan. *Century*
Arctic, My Quest in the—IV. Vilhjálmur
Stefansson. *Harper*
Asia, The Gift of. Claude Bragdon. *Forum*
Atonement. Josiah Royce. *Atlantic*
Balkan Diplomacy. J. Irving Manatt. *Review of Reviews*
Balkan Thunderbolt, The. Frederick Palmer. *Everybody's*
Barn-door Outlook, A. John Burroughs. *Harper*
Bosphorus, Gardens of the. H. G. Dwight. *Scribner*
British Politics, Chaos of. Sydney Brooks. *No. Amer.*
Broadhurst, Addison, Master Merchant—III.
Edward Mott Woolley. *World's Work*
Bryant, Morse's Portrait of. Annie N. Meyer. *Bookman*
Caldwell, "Jim": Coöperator—III. Frank P.
Stockbridge. *World's Work*
China, The Trade of. James D. Whelpley. *Century*
Churches, Rural, Some Successful. Fred
Eastman. *World's Work*
Cleveland and His Cabinet at Work. H. A. Herbert *Century*
Costes, Florence Earle. W. S. Braithwaite. *Lippincott*

Collins, Wilkie, Unpublished Letters of. . . . *Bookman*
Courts and Legislative Freedom. G. W. Alger. *Atlantic*
Dalmatia, Picturesque. Robert Hichens. *Century*
Detective Fiction, Supreme Moments of. Burton E.
Stevenson. *Bookman*
Eugenics and the Child. Norman Barnesby. *Forum*
Federal Jobs, The Race for. R. W. Woolley. *World's Work*
France, Public Ownership in. P. Leroy-Beaulieu. *N. Amer.*
Freedom, The New—III. Woodrow Wilson. *World's Work*
French, The, in the Heart of America—V.
John Finley. *Scribner*
French Presidency, The. James W. Garner. *No. Amer.*
French Women Writers of To-day. Marie Fontaine. *Bookman*
Gold Supply, Investor and. E. S. Mead. *Lippincott*
Great Lakes, Traffic on the. Edward Hungerford. *Harper*
Grub Street Problem, The—I. Algernon Tassin. *Bookman*
Health and Horse-Power. Woods Hutchinson. *American*
Health Pilot, A City. F. P. Stockbridge. *World's Work*
Hearn, Lafcadio: A French Estimate. Michael
Monahan. *Forum*
Home and Family. J. Walter Gapp. *American*
Home, The Changing. Inez Milholland. *McClure*
Ireland, A Nation in. Darrell Figgis. *Forum*
Irony, The Life of. Randolph S. Bourne. *Atlantic*
Japanese Painting. Henry P. Bowie. *Scribner*
Jefferson and Wilson: A Record and a Forecast. *No. Amer.*
Jewish Invasion of America. B. J. Hendrick. *McClure*
Lead Menace, The. Gordon Thayer. *Everybody's*
Libraries, American, and the Investigator. Herbert
Putnam. *North American*
"MacLeod, Fiona," A Note on. B. Bancroft. *Bookman*
Merrick, Leonard, Impressions of. A. B. Maurice. *Bookman*
Money Trust, The. Thomas W. Lawson. *Everybody's*
Montessori Movement in America. Ellen Stevens. *McClure*
Morgan Art Collection, The. Ernest Knauff. *Rev. of Revs.*
Moro and Pagan, Commercial Awakening of. John
P. Finley. *North American*
Motor Car and Its Owner. Albert L. Clough. *Rev. of Revs.*
Mt. Wilson Observatory, Work of. George E.
Hale. *World's Work*
Music, Nationalism in. Redfern Mason. *Atlantic*
New York, Impressions of—II. Pierre Loti. *Century*
Panama, Government Socialism in. J. B. Bishop. *Scribner*
Philosophy, Western, Playboy of. J. G. Huneker. *Forum*
Plays of Real Life. Willa Sibert Cather. *McClure*
Politics, Changing Focus in. Walter Lippmann. *Forum*
Presidential Inaugurations, Four Critical. William
B. Hale. *World's Work*
Public Utilities and Policy. Theodore N. Vail. *Atlantic*
Publisher's Reader, The. Calvin Winter. *Bookman*
Railway Accidents, American. H. T. Wade. *Rev. of Revs.*
Railway Wrecks—Why They Increase. A. W.
Atwood. *American*
Republican Party, Passing of the. F. E. Leupp. *Atlantic*
Scarlet Woman, The. Anna G. Spencer. *Forum*
Seville, First Days in. W. D. Howells. *Harper*
Shadow-Shapes, Magic. Robert M. Gay. *Atlantic*
Smell, The Sense of. Ellwood Hendrick. *Atlantic*
Socialism, What It Is—III. A. M. Low. *North American*
Soil Fertility, Conservation of. A. D. Hall. *Harper*
Story Tellers' League, The. R. T. Wyche. *World's Work*
Sugar and the Tariff. A. G. Robinson. *Review of Reviews*
Surgery, Time-study and. Albert J. Noek. *American*
Three-Arch Rocks Reservation in Oregon. Dallas L.
Sharp. *Atlantic*
"Titanic" Survivors, Rescue of. Captain Rostron. *Scribner*
Toscanini at the Baton. Max Smith. *Century*
Trust Regulation—III. Albert Fink. *North American*
Undergraduate, The. Henry Seidel Canby. *Harper*
Virginians, The, and Constitutional Government.
Thomas Nelson Page. *North American*
Whitlock, Brand, Autobiography of—III. *American*
Wilson, Woodrow. Ellery Sedgwick. *Atlantic*
Wilson, Woodrow. W. G. McAdoo. *Century*
Wilson, Woodrow, as Man of Letters. Bliss Perry. *Century*
Woman in Germany. Price Collier. *Scribner*
Woman's War. Elizabeth Robins. *McClure*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 137 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- James Fenimore Cooper.** By Mary E. Phillips. Illustrated, 8vo, 368 pages. John Lane Co. \$2.50 net.
- King Edward in His True Colours.** By Edward Legge. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 416 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$4. net.
- Our Book of Memories:** Letters of Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 463 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$4. net.
- Mahommed:** "The Great Arabian." By Meredith Townsend. 16mo, 86 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts. net.

HISTORY.

- Republican France, 1870-1912:** Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes, and Social Life. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 511 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$4. net.
- The English People Overseas.** Volume V. Australasia, 1688-1911. By A. Wyatt Tilby. 8vo, 447 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Makers of Maine:** Essays and Tales of Early Maine History. By Herbert Edgar Holmes, LL.B. Illustrated, 8vo, 251 pages. Lewiston: The Haswell Press.
- Tooth of Fire:** Being Some Account of the Ancient Kingdom of Sennâr. By H. C. Jackson. 12mo, 106 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- English Literature, 1880-1905.** By J. M. Kennedy. Large 8vo, 340 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$2.50 net.
- The Spirit of American Literature.** By John Albert Macy. 8vo, 347 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Plays and Players in Modern Italy:** Being a Study of the Italian Stage as Affected by the Political and Social Life, Manners, and Character of To-Day. By Addison McLeod. Illustrated, 8vo, 355 pages. Charles H. Sergel & Co. \$2.75 net.
- The Play of To-Day:** Studies in Play-Structure for the Student and the Theatre-Goer. By Elizabeth R. Hunt. 12mo, 219 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
- An Introduction to the French Classical Drama.** By Eleanor F. Jourdain. With frontispiece, 8vo, 208 pages. Oxford University Press.
- The Vital Study of Literature, and Other Essays.** By William Norman Guthrie. 8vo, 380 pages. Charles H. Sergel & Co. \$2. net.
- Sappho and the Island of Lesbos.** By Mary Mills Patrick, Ph.D. Illustrated, 12mo, 180 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.
- Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure.** Translated from the Chinese by Professor Anton Forke, Ph.D.; with Introduction by Hugh Cranmer-Blyng. 12mo, 64 pages. "Wisdom of the East Series." E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cts. net.
- Studies in the Work of Colley Cibber.** By De Witt C. Croissant, Ph.D. Large 8vo, 69 pages. "Humanistic Studies." Lawrence: University of Kansas. Paper.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- The Ring and the Book.** By Robert Browning; with Introduction by Edward Dowden. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 506 pages. "Oxford India Paper Edition." Oxford University Press. \$1.75 net.
- Jocasta and The Famished Cat.** By Anatole France; translated by Agnes Farley. 8vo, 248 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.75 net.
- Lucian.** With an English translation by A. M. Harmon. Volume I; 12mo, 471 pages. "Loeb Classical Library." Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

L'Avare (The Miser) and Le Misanthrope (The Misanthrope). Translated from the French of Molière by Curtis Hidden Page. Each 12mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Per volume, \$1. net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

- Plays.** By August Strindberg, translated by Edith and Warner Oland. With frontispiece, 12mo. John W. Luce & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Patriots: A Play in Three Acts.** By Lennox Robinson. 12mo, 48 pages. John W. Luce & Co. 75 cts. net.
- The Drone: A Play in Three Acts.** By Rutherford Mayne. 12mo, 68 pages. Luce & Co. 75 cts. net.
- The Necessary Evil.** By Charles Rann Kennedy. 12mo, 111 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1. net.
- The Blindness of Virtue: A Play in Four Acts.** By Cosmo Hamilton. 12mo, 127 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1. net.
- Addio, Madretta, and Other Plays.** By Stark Young. 12mo, 137 pages. Charles H. Sergel & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Poem-Book of the Gael:** Translations from Irish Gaelic Poetry into English Prose and Verse. Selected and edited by Eleanor Hull. With photogravure frontispiece, 12mo, 370 pages. London: Chatto & Windus.
- Ripostes of Ezra Pound:** Whereto are Appended the Complete Poetical Works of T. E. Hulme, with Prefatory Note. 12mo, 64 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1. net.
- The Agate Lamp.** By Eva Gore-Booth. 12mo, 110 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1. net.
- Amor Vitaque: A Little Book of Speculation in Lyric, Ballad, and Omargram.** By Oliver Opp-Dyke. 16mo, 166 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Poems Old and New.** By A. H. Beesly. 16mo, 134 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1. net.
- Death and the Princess: A Morality.** By Francis Cornford. With frontispiece, 12mo, 112 pages. Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes.
- The Poetical Works of Rose Hartwick Thorpe.** Compiled by the author. With portrait, 12mo, 137 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.
- Picked Poems.** By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. With portrait, 12mo, 176 pages. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co. Ooze Calif, \$1.
- Masterpieces of the Southern Poets.** Compiled by Walter Neale. 12mo, 278 pages. Neale Publishing Co. \$1. net.
- Gems from Ella Wheeler Wilcox.** In 4 volumes; each with frontispiece, 32mo. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co. Ooze Calif, \$1.50.
- Poems.** By Campbell Mason. 12mo, 69 pages. Cosmopolitan Press.
- The Land Where We Were Dreaming, and Other Poems.** By Daniel Bedinger Lucas; edited by Charles W. Kent, Ph.D., and Virginia Lucas. With portrait, 12mo, 252 pages. Richard G. Badger.
- Eros, and Other Poems.** By Edmund Deacon Peterson. 12mo, 113 pages. Cosmopolitan Press. \$1. net.

FICTION.

- Elementary Jane.** By Richard Pryce. 12mo, 344 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.35 net.
- Concert Pitch.** By Frank Danby. 12mo, 380 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Night Born.** By Jack London. With frontispiece, 12mo, 290 pages. Century Co. \$1.25 net.
- The White Shrine.** By Gerald Villiers-Stuart. 12mo, 386 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Impeachment of President Israel.** By Frank B. Copley. Illustrated, 12mo, 124 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.
- The Lost Despatch.** By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. Illustrated, 12mo, 310 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30 net.
- Windyriddle.** By W. Riley. 12mo, 328 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30 net.
- Seven Keys to Baldpate.** By Earl Derr Biggers. Illustrated, 12mo, 498 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.30 net.

- The Mystery of the Barranca.** By Herman Whitaker. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 281 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.
- The Chequer-Board.** By Sybil Grant. 12mo, 284 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.20 net.
- Pippin.** By Evelyn Van Buren. Illustrated, 12mo, 316 pages. Century Co. \$1.30 net.
- The Story of Stephen Compton.** By J. E. Patterson. 12mo, 387 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Fine Air of the Morning: A Pastoral Romance.** By J. S. Fletcher. 12mo, 336 pages. Dana Estes & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Success.** By Una L. Silberrad. 12mo, 316 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.20 net.
- Precious Waters.** By A. M. Chisholm. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 422 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Simon Brandin.** By B. Paul Neuman. 12mo, 301 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.20 net.
- The Devil's Admiral.** By Frederick Ferdinand Moore. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 295 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.
- A Dream of Blue Roses.** By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. 12mo, 342 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Reluctant Lover.** By Stephen McKenna. 12mo, 341 pages. John C. Winston Co. \$1.20 net.
- What a Man Wishes.** By William Stanley Hill. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 273 pages. New York: Morningside Press. \$1.35 net.
- Written in the Sand.** By G. R. Duval. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 335 pages. John C. Winston Co. \$1.20 net.
- Time and the Woman.** By Richard Pryce. Illustrated, 12mo, 298 pages. R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.25 net.
- Log-Cabin Yarns of the Rocky Mountains.** By Edmund Deacon Peterson. 12mo, 147 pages. Cosmopolitan Press. \$1.25 net.
- The House of Shame.** By Charles Felton Pidgin. 12mo, 244 pages. Cosmopolitan Press. \$1.25 net.
- Princess Mary's Locked Book.** With frontispiece, 12mo, 199 pages. Cassell & Co. \$1. net.
- The Conquest of Innes Ripley.** By Scobie King. Illustrated, 12mo, 327 pages. Boston: Roxburgh Publishing Co. \$1.60.
- The American Paradise: Sequel to An American Madonna.** By Mary Ives Todd. Illustrated, 12mo, 358 pages. New York: Published by the author. \$1.50.
- W. A. G's Tale.** Edited by Margaret Turnbull. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 179 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.
- The Madonna of Sacrifice: A Story of Florence.** By William Dana Orcutt. With frontispiece, 12mo, 51 pages. F. G. Browne & Co. 50 cts. net.
- Anthony and Hero, and Short Stories.** By Simmie. 12mo, 116 pages. New Haven: F. Simon.
- The Lady Who Smoked Cigars.** By Rupert Hughes. Illustrated, 16mo, 48 pages. Desmond Fitzgerald.
- When Lincoln Kissed Me: A Story of the Wilderness Campaign.** By Henry E. Wing. Illustrated, 16mo, 39 pages. Eaton & Mains. 25 cts. net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- In French Africa: Scenes and Memories.** By Miss Betham-Edwards. Illustrated, large 8vo, 324 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Across the Andes.** By Charles Johnson Post. Illustrated, large 8vo, 362 pages. Outing Publishing Co. \$1. net.
- The New Pacific.** By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Revised edition; 8vo, 549 pages. Bancroft Co. \$2. net.
- The Different West as Seen by a Transplanted Easterner.** By Arthur E. Boatwick. 12mo, 184 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1. net.
- A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe.** By W. J. Rolfe, Litt.D. First edition for 1913; with maps, 16mo, 344 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

- The New Freedom: A Call for the Emancipation of the Generous Energies of a People.** By Woodrow Wilson. 12mo, 294 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1. net.
- Modern Problems: A Discussion of Debatable Subjects.** By Sir Oliver Lodge. 8vo, 348 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$2. net.
- The Governments of Europe.** By Frederic Austin Ogg, Ph.D. Large 8vo, 668 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.
- The Cotton Manufacturing Industry of the United States.** By Melvin Thomas Copeland, Ph.D. 8vo, 415 pages. Harvard University Press. \$2. net.
- Woman's Share in Social Culture.** By Anna Garlin Spencer. 12mo, 230 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$2. net.
- The Stock Exchange from Within.** By W. C. Van Antwerp. Illustrated, 12mo, 459 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Co-Operation in New England: Urban and Rural.** By James Ford, Ph.D.; with Introduction by Francis G. Peabody, LL.D. 12mo, 237 pages. "Russell Sage Foundation." New York: Survey Associates, Inc. \$1.50.
- The Banner with the New Device: Woman's Place in Nature, in Civilization, and in Government.** By William W. Hicks. With frontispiece, 12mo, 280 pages. Boston: Sanctuary Publishing Co. \$1.50.
- Why I Am Opposed to Socialism: Original Papers by Leading Men and Women.** By Edward Silvén. 8vo, 53 pages. Published by the author. 75 cts.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

- The Significance of Ancient Religions in Relation to Human Evolution and Brain Development.** By E. Noel Reischardt, M. D. 8vo, 426 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4. net.
- The New Testament Manuscripts in the Freer Collection.** Part I, The Washington Manuscript of The Four Gospels, by Henry A. Sanders. Large 8vo, 247 pages. Macmillan Co. Paper, \$2.
- Twenty Years of Life: Messages from a Historic Boston Pulpit.** By Thomas Van Ness. With frontispiece, 12mo, 205 pages. Boston: American Unitarian Association. \$1. net.
- The Reasonableness of the Religion of Jesus.** By William Stephen Rainsford, D.D. 12mo, 262 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Book of Judges.** By Edward Lewis Curtis, Ph.D. 12mo, 201 pages. Macmillan Co. 75 cts. net.
- The Old-Time Religion; or, The Foundations of Our Faith.** By David James Burrell, LL.D. With portrait, 12mo, 349 pages. American Tract Society. \$1. net.
- The Homing Instinct.** By Fred Clare Baldwin. 12mo, 67 pages. Eaton & Mains. 50 cts. net.
- A Man's Religion.** By William Fraser McDowell. 12mo, 225 pages. Eaton & Mains. 50 cts. net.
- Man Considered in Relation to God and a Church.** By W. Carew Hazlitt. Fifth edition; large 8vo, 532 pages. Bernard Quaritch.
- Easter Morning.** By John Henry Jowett, D. D. Decorated, 12mo, 25 pages. American Tract Society. 15 cts. net.
- The Gateway of Life.** By David James Burrell. Decorated, 12mo, 22 pages. American Tract Society. 15 cts. net.

ART AND MUSIC.

- Lyric Diction, for Singers, Actors, and Public Speakers.** By Dora Duty Jones; with Preface by Madame Melba. 12mo, 342 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.
- Sixty Patriotic Songs of All Nations.** Edited by Granville Bantock. Large 4to. "Musicians Library." Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.50.
- National Treasures.** First volume: The National Gallery, by J. E. Crawford Plitch, M.A.; The Louvre, by E. E. Richards. Each illustrated. 16mo. Small, Maynard & Co. Per volume. 75 cts. net.

NATURE AND OUT-DOOR LIFE.

- Field Days in California.** By Bradford Torrey. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 12mo, 235 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.
- Our Vanishing Wild Life: Its Extinction and Preservation.** By William T. Hornaday, Sc. D. Illustrated, 8vo, 411 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.
- Modern Strawberry Growing.** By Albert E. Wilkinson. Illustrated, 12mo, 210 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.10 net.
- The Fox Terrier.** By Williams Haynes. Illustrated, 12mo, 121 pages. "Outing Handbooks." Outing Publishing Co. 70 cts. net.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- White-Ear and Peter: The Story of a Fox and a Fox-Terrier.** By Nells Helberg. Illustrated in color by Cecil Aldin, 8vo, 222 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.
- Deering of Dea; or, The Spirit of the School.** By Latta Griswold. Illustrated, 12mo, 317 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Children of the Meadows.** By Mittie Owen McDavid. Illustrated, 12mo, 187 pages. Cosmopolitan Press. \$1.25 net.

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